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For meaning of this number see page iii. of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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Racing Notes, etc.

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Published Shortly.

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(By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.).

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IN THE CITY: Some Types of Shareholders and Directors, Associateds, How I Lost £2,000,000, Great Boulders, Other Companies—Ups and Downs—Tragedies of Millionaires—A Story of Colonel North.

THEATRICAL DABBLES: Forbes Robertson's "Hamlet," "Charley's Aunt," Miss Ada Reeve, Fred Kaye, &c.

RACING EXPERIENCES: Jumping v. Flat Racing, Some Successes, Some Failures, An Epsom Tragedy, A Tunnel Story, A "Corner" in Racing.

AS PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE: A FORLORN HORNSEY HOPE, A Flirt with North Islington, Home Rule in the Channel, Gladstone's Letter, London Politics, A Trying Situation—South Hackney: A Labour Candidate, A Clerical Candidate, Election Literature, My Meetings—My Relations with the Labour Party—Stories of Hecklers.

AS MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT: First Impressions, A Hint to the Suffragettes, My Maiden Speech—First Session: The Bookmakers' Bill, Mr. Shackleton Answered—Second Session: My Budget Speech, The Chief Whip's Congratulations, Criminal Appeal Bill, Companies' Act, Public Trustee, Servian Regicides, Barristers' Fees, Street Betting Bill—Third Session: My Divorce Law Amendment Bill, Unclaimed Bank Balances Bill, Dismay of the Bankers, How They "Spoofed" the Chancellor of the Exchequer—The Licensing Bill: Taking Down Whittaker, Saving the Barmaids, Procuring Extension of Time Limit.

&c., &c., &c.

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GENERAL ELECTION IN JUNE.

"If you see it in JOHN BULL—it *is* so" has become an axiom—a fact which places a heavy burden of responsibility upon us. It is with a full sense of such responsibility that we make the announcement embodied in the heading to this paragraph. There will be a General Election in June—after the Lords have thrown out the Finance Bill, by way of a direct challenge to the Government to take the verdict of the electorate on the "dominant issue." In other words, just as Mr. Asquith denies the right of the Upper Chamber to dictate the date at which the Ministry is to render to the nation an account of its stewardship, so Lord Lansdowne repudiates the right of the Lower Chamber to fix the date of trial of the Peers. And who shall blame him? At any rate, there it is.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The forthcoming General Election will probably be the last to be fought on the old party lines. The Man in the Street is concerned not so much about who is in the Ministry as about what he gets out of it; and it is at length really beginning to dawn on him that he has for years past been playing the *rôle* of the shuttlecock to the battledore of rival professional politicians. For a few years, and no longer, he will give the Labour-Socialist party a chance, and then, finding things no better, but probably worse, he will come to his senses and demand that the business of the nation shall be put into the hands of business men.

"Bottomley's Book" will be published at the close of the Guildhall proceedings in *Rex v. Bottomley*. See page ii. of cover.

Everything we have been saying for the past two years as to the invertebrate attitude of the official Liberals towards the House of Lords was confirmed by the recent debate. Though the question of the veto, according to the Premier, is the "dominating issue" of current politics, he invites his party to wait for the production of his scheme for dealing with it for two reasons—first, that Ministers may pass the measures to which they are pledged; second, that they may give the House of Lords to understand that they will not take orders for a dissolution from their lordships. But it is obvious that if the Upper Chamber is in the way of progressive legislation, there can be little hope of passing the measures on which Mr. Asquith has set his heart, if not his office, and that, if this be so, the dissolution will, in effect, be forced by the Peers, come when it may. If the truth be told, it is simply this. By the barometer of the bye-elections the country is set against the Government, and they would have preferred taking no chances till they had tried the effect of fiddling some rather more popular tunes.

The Natal news agencies have put upon themselves such a self-denying ordinance in transmitting news of the Dinuzulu trial that most of us probably rubbed our eyes in wonder when we learned that the trial had concluded, and that poor Dinny had been sentenced to several years' imprisonment on a count charging him with harbouring rebels. From the first it was obvious that the Natal Government had determined to get him under lock and key by any and every possible means in their power. They mobilised troops, put his country under martial law, and proceeded to take him by military expedition. When he reduced these warlike preparations to a farce by quietly walking into the nearest police station and surrendering, they ransacked the country for witnesses, while putting every possible difficulty in the way of his defence—*a thing which would be impossible at home!* Then they formulated a heavy indictment against him of twenty-three counts, charging him with murder, levying and making war, and other serious capital crimes. The wicked, stupendous farce has now ended; it is like charging a man with murder and convicting him of picking his grandmother's pocket. "Harbouring rebels" may mean, in fact, nothing more than giving shelter to hunted and starving refugees from the Natal soldiers; an offence illegal, no doubt, but merely technical. When will the Blue Book containing the evidence be forthcoming? It should make good reading.

That the loser pays is one of the accepted rules of conflict everywhere. It is the axiom of war, of the struggle for existence, of every hazard of life which a man takes for sport or profit. If a man resists an action in the civil courts, and loses, he must pay the costs of the plaintiff in addition to his own. If he is the subject of a Treasury prosecution the Court is at liberty to order him to pay the Crown costs in addition to sentencing him to a term of imprisonment. But sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander. Just as a man may be unjustly convicted and imprisoned

and subsequently released without a word of apology or a penny ofcompensation, so a defendant, recklessly and foolishly prosecuted by the Treasury and triumphantly acquitted by a jury, may be practically ruined by the terrible burden of the costs of his defence. Under the law at present the Crown as the loser simply scuttles out, and leaves the acquitted defendant to get his neck out of the financial yoke as best he can. We shall be told that an Act was passed last year to remedy this state of things, but whilst it provides for payment of all the expenses of the prosecution it simply allows, and that only in special cases, "the expenses of the witnesses" for the defence.

Why should the Treasury officials care? A Treasury prosecution is a game of "Heads I win, tails you lose," from start to finish. Whether one be charged with murder, or fraud, or whatever it may be, and acquitted, the Crown pays not a single penny of his costs, even though he has to sell the last stick or stone to raise the money. By the theory of English law the burden of the proof of guilt is on those who make the charge. In fact, the burden is upon the person charged to prove that he is innocent, and to prove it at his own expense. On the one side are the unlimited resources of the Crown—unlimited in funds, unlimited in its choice of legal assistance, unlimited in its opportunities, and almost unlimited in its methods of hunting up evidence to support its indictment. On the other is the defendant, often cruelly limited in his means of defence by his inability to provide them. We intend to try and change all that. We want to secure to the poorest Englishman or Englishwoman that if the Crown undertakes a prosecution and it loses, the Crown shall pay the costs of the defence to the uttermost farthing. Common sense demands it. Justice demands it. The honour of the State demands it. And the representatives of the people ought to demand it. Under the present rules of Parliament, no measure involving a charge on the national exchequer may be introduced by a private member. So we must put it on the rates!

An Edmonton (Canada) reader has been good enough to send us an advertisement which has been appearing in the leading journal of that city. Here it is:—

> Salesman Wanted.—Middle of March (no English). $70 to active and energetic workman. Preference given to one accustomed to sewing carpets.—Apply, etc.

Our correspondent tells us that "the style of advertisement is not uncommon," and he "cannot conceive anything more insulting to an Englishman." Well, it is not pleasant, and reads oddly in "the leading journal" of a British colony. But it is not more odd than the exclusion of British artisans from Australia. If these greater Colonies were really part and parcel of the Empire, such things would be impossible, but they are not. In everything but name they are independent Republics, with a preference, so far as unofficial Canada is concerned, for foreigners other than English.

Out of every 1,000 babies born in this Christian land of ours, 130 die before they have reached the age of twelve months. That is a terrible toll taken by disease and neglect. But according to the Minority Report of the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws, the infant death-rate in workhouses is between two and three times as great. For example, ten workhouses had a death-rate of 330 per thousand. Contrast this with the experience of the Plaistow Maternity Charity. In this institution, which deals with life in West Ham, more than 3,000 infants were born in the year 1907, and the death-rate was barely more than one-third of that in the workhouses. Every year thousands of infants die in these Poor Law institutions from lack of proper attention, for the lying-in wards disgrace our civilisation.

The so-called nurseries of the workhouses are equally unfit for the purposes required of them. The Local Government Board has issued excellent rules. It has laid down that the nurseries must be dry, spacious, light, and well ventilated, and that in no case must the care of young children be entrusted to infirm or weak-minded inmates. But the Boards of Guardians pay no heed. "We have visited many workhouse nurseries in the different parts of the kingdom," says the Minority Report, "and we have found hardly any that can possibly be regarded as satisfactory places in which children should be reared." Truly, a pretty state of things. We kill the children by the thousand, and of those who live, most had better have died. For, as Mr. Chalmers puts it, "The dead baby is next-of-kin to the diseased baby, who in time becomes the anæmic, ill-fed, and educationally backward child, from whom is derived later in life the unskilled 'casual,' who is at the bottom of so many of our problems."

The character of the sermon preached in St. Paul's Cathedral at the annual service of the London Diocesan Branch of the Queen Victoria Clergy Fund has become stereotyped. The facts and figures given by the Bishop of Chichester in this sermon are an old story. Once again we are reminded that there are 14,000 livings in the Church of England, that of these more than 5,000 are worth less than £200 a year, and 1,000 worth less than £100, and that of 21,000 working clergy, 12,000 are earning less than £150 a year. His lordship might have added, too, that hundreds of clergy are so poorly provided for from Church revenues that they and their wives and children have to throw themselves on public charity for second-hand clothing. "We want no more sweating of the clergy," cried the Bishop. It is a cheap cry. But it has become almost farcical. The Archbishops and Bishops, with their big salaries and useless palaces; the archdeacons, canons, and clergy with their fat livings and empty churches, continue to bleed the lamb, and the sweating of others of their clerical brethren still goes on. As in the world, so in the Church; the rich revel and the poor suffer.

There are one or two magistrates in Chichester upon whom we shall have to keep our weather eye. The two before us for the moment are the Mayor, Mr. J. O. Holt, and Mr. E. E. Street. In sentencing "a little old man" to ten days' hard labour for selling boot-laces without a licence, his worship remarked on behalf of self and partner, that "tradespeople must be safeguarded." It may be so; but it may be doubted whether in all Chichester one tradesman could be found to say that in sentencing an old man to do ten days' hard labour for trying to pick up a living in the street by selling boot-laces the magistrates have discovered the right way to safeguard them. No doubt it was very wicked of the old man to hawk his wares without a licence; it was contrary to the law, anyhow. But, bless your life, he could have hit his old woman very hard with the poker for about seven-and-six and costs. We wonder what is the sentence in Chichester for sleeping out, begging with intent to get bread, or being without visible means of subsistence?

If the heads of these Chichester magistrates were well banged against the heads of the Chelmsford Guardians there would probably be a great noise. This being a free country, a man may not beg, may not sleep in the open air, and may not sell boot-laces if he has not money for a licence. Likewise he may not starve or commit suicide, and if he goes into the workhouse it occasionally happens that he is thrown out again. Recently an out-of-work sought employment among the farmers at Waltham, producing to them letters to show that he was a genuine case of want-work. Applying in vain, he went to the Chelmsford workhouse. There he broke stones till his hands were skinned. Taken

from the stone-breaking, he was put to work in the garden till his hands were healed; then he was sent back to the stones. Subsequently the guardians discovered that he was in the enjoyment of a pension of sixpence per day. That settled his fate. They decided that the workhouse was no place for out-of-work capitalists, and expelled him. It may be possible to live on sixpence a day; we have never tried it. The finance of the operation would no doubt resolve itself into fourpence a night for a "doss" (the open air not being free to sleepers), with the balance of twopence for food and clothing. This seems to come perilously near the Simple Life. For the Bumbles of Chelmsford, however, we should in like circumstances prescribe a more rational diet. They should have two meals a day—a breakfast of hay and a supper of thistles.

For some time past the Law Hill residential district of Dundee has been pestered by a number of foul beasts on two legs, so that it has become almost impossible for a woman to venture out of doors unattended, or go out alone even in broad daylight. Several ladies, old and young, have been indecently and brutally molested; some of them so seriously that they have suffered complete nervous collapse. This being the fact, one would have supposed that when Sheriff Campbell Smith had an opportunity of making an example of one of the erotic ruffians he would not have failed in his duty. Instead, after describing him as "the foulest and most imbecile beast he had ever had before him," he—imposed a fine of 11s., or, in the alternative, eleven days "hard." Possibly Sheriff Campbell Smith has been reading some of our frequent pleas for magisterial mercy. But mercy should be intelligent. In this case, he has showered an excess of human blessing on the wrong man. Our surprise is that the Sheriff should not have awarded the beast £5 from the poor box.

Evidently the dear brothers of the Church of the Latter-Day Saints are still busy in this country, though probably they are sowing the good seed on stony ground. Every now and again they pounce on some particular district and overwhelm it with tracts, which they stuff into letter-boxes, the labourers being plenteous even though the harvest is *nil*. Two of these tracts are now before us, numbers 6 and 7 of "Rays of Living Light." Again they tell the old old story of the arch humbug, impostor, swindler, forger, and sensualist Joe Smith and the angel which came to him and led him by the hand to the place where was hidden in the side of a hill the sacred Book of Mormon. Afterwards, according to this yarn, he received a private call from John the Baptist, who ordained him and his chum Oliver Cowdery, Joe and Oliver being afterwards visited by Peter, James, and John, and authorised to "lay hands on baptised believers and confer the gift of the Holy Ghost, and build up the Church of Christ on the original pattern." In the opinion of Joe and Oliver, "the original pattern" was to run a multiplicity of harems; and it came to pass that after they had laid hands on baptised believers —male and female—they commenced to lay hands on everything else they could get hold of. At this time of day it is hardly worth while tracking the foul mazes of Mormonism. It is said that the Latter Day Saints have now shed their doctrine of polygamy. But this is only a half truth; and in case there are any foolish English women or girls inspired by religious zeal to depart for the city of the blest in Ohio, they will be well advised to ponder seriously on the hazard.

The stipendiary magistrate of Manchester has put upon the Chief Constable a duty of which it is hoped he will earnestly acquit himself. Two sixteen-year-old girls were conversing with another girl in the street, several children were playing around them, and probably made somewhat of a noise. Arriving on the scene, the police arrested the two girls for obstruction and using bad language. A man named Birch had the audacity to ask the officers why they had arrested the girls. He was told to "go away and mind his own business." This being his business for the moment, he did not go, and was hauled in with the girls for "inciting the crowd to a rescue." The three prisoners were locked up in the cells all night. At the police-court the next morning each of them denied in detail the charges made against them, fully explained the circumstances, and "the Stipendiary, in discharging all three defendants, said that the girls were really children. They were not charged with drunkenness, and they might have been let out on bail instead of being locked up for the night."

This is about as strong a condemnation of the action of the police in the matter as could well come from a magistrate trained to balance his judgment and his words. The officers concerned appear to have been out of work at the time, and to have made the arrests in their zeal to find a light and attractive job. In the police station, the sergeant or inspector in charge obviously did not exercise the common-sense of a baby, and sent the prisoners to the cells as if they had been so many incapable drunks. The Chief Constable of Manchester has a reputation for keeping his men in hand. This being so, it is probable that he has carpeted the officers as an object lesson to the rest of the force. Trumped-up charges of this sort do not tend to inspire the public with confidence in the police.

There is much to be said for the recommendations of the Association of Chambers of Commerce in regard to the national gold reserve. But the Association makes one recommendation which the majority of people will meet with unqualified opposition. It is that the Bank of England should issue one-pound notes, four-fifths against bullion and one-fifth against securities. Though the suggested basis of such an issue may be sound enough, the result would be a filthy, dilapidated, microbic paper currency. Many of the notes would get lost; and even with the numbers known there would be endless difficulties and delays in obtaining repayment. Add to this that £1 notes would de-popularise £1 postal orders and reduce the Post Office revenues to an enormous extent. An Englishman who has had the frequent handling of the cheaper Continental and American notes knows what a dirty nuisance they are when they have passed from hand to hand for some time. Even a sweep cannot soil the native purity of a sovereign; but give him a £1 note, let it pass from him for a few months through the hands of other horny-handed sons of toil, and—there's a picture for you. One-pound notes, indeed! No, thank you.

Perhaps the specific desire expressed in the will of the late Earl of Leicester that he should be buried in a plain deal coffin without ornaments, and that his funeral should be conducted without extravagance or ostentation, will do something to discourage the foolish waste of money which so often characterises the funerals of the poor. Given an impoverished widow, whose sole provision for the years to be is the insurance of her late lamented, her notion is that the nastier time he has had while he was living, the nicer funeral he is entitled to. Hence a costly coffin with costly trimmings, flowers, "black," gloves and handkerchiefs for mourners, and all the rest of it. In this way the insurance money is squandered, the widow has not a penny to bless herself with, and the children are presently crying for food. There is no sense in it at all. Waste not, want not, applies to funerals quite as much as it should apply to weddings.

"Bottomley's Book" will be published at the close of the Guildhall proceedings in *Rex v. Bottomley*. See page ii. of cover.

We fear the Prime Minister is a man of little faith. A few days ago he was asked whether he would take steps to restore to the Prayer Book the Prayer for Landlords, which appeared in the Liturgy of Edward VI. Briefly, the supplication asked the Lord to keep the landlords in good order, that they "may not rack and stretch out the rents of their houses and lands, nor yet take unreasonable fines and incomes after the manner of covetous worldlings, but so let them out to others that the inhabitants thereof may both be able to pay the rents, and also honestly to live, to nourish their families and to relieve the poor." Seeing that everybody is officially prayed for in the Church except the landlords, there seems no good reason why the public should not have a chance of reaping the benefits which by the theological theory should result from the restoration to the Liturgy of this wholesome prayer. But what says the Prime Minister? "I do not," he says, "think that any advantage would be gained by taking the steps suggested." Whether he means that the landlords are past praying for, or that prayer would be a waste of time, is difficult to gather. Perhaps the chaplain of the House of Commons will seek converse with him in his private room. Mr. Asquith may be deficient in grace.

A gentleman who has recently come to this country from the land of Poland, requests our honoured advice on the qualifications necessary to become a naturalised British subject. The qualifications are not many or exacting, but such as they are, our esteemed foreign correspondent does not appear to have them. Briefly, a gentleman who has left his own country because he prefers this one (and on the whole we do not blame him), and desires to become naturalised, must have resided in the country for five years, or held for that period office under the Crown. He may then obtain a certificate of naturalisation from one of the Principal Secretaries of State, from which time he is entitled to all the rights, privileges, and powers, and subject to all the obligations, of a natural-born British subject of the name of Smith, Brown, Jones, or Robinson. There is no reason, in fact, why he should not promptly take one of these names. Turning up the last published list of new British citizens we find that Mr. Samuel Kosachiner has re-christened himself George Alexander, that Mr. Karl Kujansky has become Sam Crosskey, that Mr. Kurtz is now disguised as Courts, that Mr. Letowsky desires to be known as Leton, and that Mr. Lopchitz is now Loftus, and that Mr. Lichtenberg hands in his card as Lighthill. Heaven bless their happy homes. One other qualification we have omitted. Our friend must be prepared to plank down £5 10s.

Here is a hard case, accepting the story as a reader, not the man concerned, tells it to us. He states that a friend of his, a man named Stone, was in Camden Town railway station in November last, when a woman fell while trying to board a train in motion. She was being dragged along by the train when Stone helped her up and probably saved her life. He was himself knocked down, however, his leg being broken in two places. Stone, who is a married man with several children, has been unable to work for fifteen weeks as a result of the accident, and is still walking about on crutches. He asked for some assistance, and the N.L.R. Company informed him that they could not help him, as the occurrence "had nothing to do with them." Technically, this is true. In boarding a moving train, and especially in falling while doing so, the woman was performing an illegal act. As there was obvious danger in attempting her rescue in the circumstances, Stone should have stood by unmoved and permitted her to be mangled to death. At least, if this is not the moral of the story, it does not seem to have one. We suggest that the directors should reconsider the matter.

Celebrated persons have a good deal to put up with. We have received a circular from the poet Joseph L. Gwyer, of Dover, and have pleasure in reproducing the following immortal lines—

To Brighton in due course arrived,
The voyage rough, but soon contrived;
The Captain thought to hasten back,
Its safety showed no care did lack.

So only few minutes here he said,
"We stay at Brighton," so it read;
The voyage back so full of grief,
We thank the Lord for His relief.

This twaddle has been sent broadcast to many famous persons, and the poet publishes the replies of their private secretaries. Here are some specimens—

Board of Trade, Whitehall Gardens, S.W.,

Dear Sir,—Mr. Churchill desires me to thank you for sending him your verses.

Buckingham Palace.

The Private Secretary has had the honour of submitting the verses which accompanied Mr. Joseph Gwyer's letter, of the 26th instant, to His Majesty the King.

Buckingham Palace.

The Hon. Sidney Greville, Private Secretary to the Queen, is commanded to thank Mr. Gwyer for the verses he has been good enough to send Her Majesty.

Marlborough House, Pall Mall, S.W.

The Private Secretary to the Prince of Wales is directed to thank Mr. J. L. Gwyer for the copies of his verses, which he has been good enough to forward for H.R.H.'s acceptance.

Marlborough House, Pall Mall.

The Private Secretary to the Princess of Wales is directed to reply to Mr. Joseph L. Gwyer's letters and to offer the thanks of the Princess for the verses which he has forwarded.

28, Old Queen Street, Westminster.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Herbert Gladstone desires me to thank you for the verses you sent him.

The tedious driveller informs us that "this makes thirty-five letters the author has had from the King's secretary, dating from the time of the serious illness of the then Prince of Wales, when the author's verses obtained Royal patronage. He also received thirty letters from the secretary of the late beloved Queen Victoria." We are glad that we are not a Royal secretary.

The Rector of St. Andrew's, Deal, has issued in his parish magazine what he calls "a plea for local tradesmen." As this plea has been extensively circulated in other localities, we take the liberty of offering a few comments. The reverend gentleman begins by saying that he has little right to speak on the subject, as he is not the possessor of special business knowledge. Undeterred by these disqualifying shortcomings, he proceeds to deliver himself of dogmatic assertions with regard to economics. He begins by drawing a harrowing picture of the local tradesman, who "has perhaps very little capital behind him, finds himself almost compelled to give credit, often has to wait a long time for his money, sometimes is not paid at all, has to compete on unequal terms with flourishing establishments, perhaps with a local branch of a great business company." He goes on to argue that residents ought to deal with local tradesmen to a larger extent, pay ready money, and spend it so that it will stay in the town and "benefit the community as a whole." We fail to see how the community as a whole would be benefited by expenditure in one locality rather than another. We also fail to see why business should be complicated by sentiment. Small local tradesmen, not having the facilities of their greater rivals, cannot afford to sell goods as cheaply. Persons dealing with them are therefore paying more than the market price, and, if they do this out of sentiment, they are really doing it out of charity. Far be it from us to discourage charity, but each individual is naturally limited by his income in a matter of this kind. He can only afford so much in the course of a year in doles to his less fortunate neighbours, and we submit that he will be doing wrong

If he neglects the destitute in favour of persons who are engaged in unprofitable commerce. It is not to the advantage of the whole community that anyone should devote himself to a walk in life which is not naturally self-supporting. There is nothing radically mean in dealing with the stores if you can thereby save money which will benefit your own family. The Rector goes on to warn his readers against the "little present from the tradesman," which is only intended to attract custom. "Tradesmen," he says, "cannot afford, nor do they intend, to make a free present except in appearance." Why, then, should the customer be expected to make a free present by paying 5s. for an article at Deal when he can have it down from London for 4s. 9d. carriage paid? We suggest that the Rector of Deal should confine his pronouncements in future to the less exact science of theology.

Even when a Garter falls in, the present Government are unable to bestow it to the satisfaction of the party. Lord Aberdeen had pre-eminent claims to the first blue ribbon at Mr. Asquith's disposal, but Lord Durham has got it. At one time this peer was a supporter of Mr. Gladstone, who made him Lord-Lieutenant of Durham. Then he ratted and joined the Unionists. That was in 1886, but about ten years ago he rejoined the Liberals, and since then has been a sort of supporter of the party. Contrast this record with that of Lord Aberdeen, throughout his public career a staunch Liberal and party man, and as near a Radical as an Earl well can be. But Mr. Asquith, like Lord Loreburn, prefers a variety of Liberal not easily distinguishable from Toryism, and acts accordingly. It is an odd way to keep a political party together.

Mr. Tommy Bowles is vanquished, but is probably not dismayed. By-and-bye he will be serenely bobbing up again. He has been as unlucky in Central Glasgow as he was in the City. Even his capture of the Irish and teetotal votes did him no good—always supposing that he got them. For the Government the defeat is almost the worst in the long series, for now Mr. Asquith may well ask, "Stands Scotland where it did?" We hae oor doots. Everywhere—north, south, east, and west—the current is running fast and strong against the Government. It is easy to damn the flowing tide; but the most honest curses are of little avail. It is idle to deny that the Government has not risen to its opportunities. It has too often done those things which it ought not to have done, and left undone those things which it ought to have done, and it hasn't much time between now and June to put things right.

WORRIED LOOKS.—XVIII.

The Censor and another Bloomer.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For saying that "FORTUNATELY there is just before the function is reached a very sharp curve on the direct line which the mail train was taking—a curve so sharp that a train travelling at express speed would be almost certain to come to disaster,"

THE DAILY EXPRESS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following discovery: "Lambing Folds.—Lambing is daily on the increase. I am very familiar with one farm where 80 cows had brought 137 lambs by January 23rd."

THE STROUD NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a gentleman "CONCEALED an OBVIOUS nervousness under a strenuous smile,"

THE SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in its report of a funeral that the coffin bore a name plate with the following inscription:—"Elizabeth Dobbs, BORN February 25th, 1909, aged 75 years,"

THE CAMBRIDGE DAILY NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a naval court-martial sentenced an officer "to be dismissed from the service for fraudulently converting £10 1s. 11d., which had been entrusted to him for HIS OWN USE,"

THE DAILY MIRROR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Dr. Gregory, Dean of St. Paul's, celebrated his NINETEENTH birthday yesterday. The Dean is, notwithstanding his advanced age, still able to take an active part . . . ."

THE EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the bridesmaids were attired in white empire dresses of heliotrope chiffon over pale blue satin,"

THE ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE REPORTER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a woman was charged with exposing her two children, Lilian, aged 5 months, and John, aged 10 months,

THE WALLINGTON AND CARSHALTON HERALD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a man lived with a woman for very many years "and he APPEARED to have had fourteen children by her,"

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in its issue of March 3rd, "The Prince of Wales is to visit Sheffield on February 26th."

THE HULL DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that a boy "was called before the Magistrates and SEVERELY REMANDED,"

THE IPSWICH EVENING STAR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For publishing portraits of Mr. E. John Solano and Miss Coral Hubbuck under the heading, "Novel targets adopted by the War Office,"

THE DAILY MIRROR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that, out of 124 BIRTHS registered, "six of these are from zymotic causes,"

THE DUDLEY HERALD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For issuing the following poster—

INDISPOSITION OF THE QUEEN
RESULT OF GLASGOW BYE-ELECTION.

THE GLASGOW DAILY RECORD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE LIBERTY OF THE SUBJECT.

A DANGEROUS AND FAR-REACHING DECISION

The recent decision of the Divisional Court in the case of *Rex v. Bottomley and others*, however sound in law, is dangerous to a degree to the interests of justice.

In the case in question, after a magisterial enquiry had been proceeding for 23 days—spread over a period of three months—and after upwards of 100 witnesses had been examined—the presiding Alderman broke down in health and had to retire. In these circumstances, another Alderman was appointed to take the case, and, in accordance with what was stated to be the usual practice, it was proposed that, instead of beginning *de novo*, he should allow the prosecution to put in the box "a few sample witnesses" in support of the various charges, and, having resworn them, to read over the depositions of their previous evidence and ask them whether such depositions were correct, and then permit the defendants to put such further questions in cross-examination as the Court might think fit to sanction—*the Alderman in the meantime having read a shorthand note of the opening speech for the prosecution.* Upon this decision the defendants went to the Divisional Court for a *mandamus* directing the Alderman to hear whatever evidence the prosecution relied on in the ordinary way, by taking orally the examination, cross-examination, and re-examination of the witnesses. It was contended that the mere reading of depositions could not possibly convey to the mind of the presiding magistrate the correct value of the testimony, and in support of this contention the following dictum of Mr. Justice Coleridge, in giving the judgment of the Privy Council in *re Bertrand*, was quoted to the effect that even the most careful note must fail to give the true effect of the evidence, inasmuch as it did not reveal the demeanour and manner, the precipitancy or hesitation, of the witness, or even its effect upon the defendant.

Reference was also made to the judgment of Mr. Justice Wills in *re Guerin*, in the course of which he stated that the committal by a magistrate of a person for trial was a judicial act, which should be exercised judicially upon evidence actually taken before him, and that any departure from that rule was contrary to natural justice. These decisions are thus summarised in "Stone's Justices' Manual":—

> The practice of acting in a criminal case on evidence not heard before the magistrate himself has been condemned as irregular and contrary to natural justice. Where an enquiry is commenced by one magistrate and completed by another, the second magistrate cannot commit upon evidence given before the first. The judicial discretion which a magistrate has to exercise in cases brought before him, must be based upon evidence taken before him, and it is not competent for him to act upon evidence taken before another magistrate.

The Divisional Court, however, in its wisdom, brushed these dicta aside, and declared that the course to be adopted by a magistrate is entirely a matter for his own discretion, although it was good enough to add that he would, of course, be careful not to do anything unjust or unfair—which, to the lay mind, seems to be begging the whole question.

Let it be understood that we are not quarrelling with the soundness of the decision, for it is probable that the declarations of both Mr. Justice Wills and Sir John Taylor Coleridge were in the nature of what the lawyers call "*obiter dicta*"; and there appeared to be ample authority for the custom proposed to be followed by the Alderman. We do, however, desire to enter a strong protest against the continuance of such a course of procedure. To show how far-reaching the consequences may be, we observe that within a few days of the delivery of the judgment, Mr. Justice Jelf, in trying a murder case, in which one of the jurors was compelled to withdraw owing to illness (although it was stated he would be able to return within a few days), declared his intention of relying upon the decision, and, instead of empanelling a new jury, filled the place and then contented himself by reading his own notes of the evidence, and proceeded with the case. What the Court of Criminal Appeal would or may think of such a proceeding we do not know; but, personally, we should very much object to be tried for our life by a man who had not seen the witnesses in the box and who derived his knowledge of their credibility entirely from a summarised note, even though made by the learned Judge.

So far as the case under review is concerned, the defendants must, of course, bow to the decision—however hard and embarrassing they may feel it to be. We do, however, protest against the notion that the committal of a man for trial is a more or less formal act. It is an essentially judicial step and, although theoretically it implies no stigma upon the accused parties, it is at least notification to the whole world that, in the opinion of the magistrate, after hearing the evidence adduced before him, a sufficient case has been made out to justify the defendants being put upon their trial. The importance of such a magisterial decision, of course, depends to a large extent upon, first, the nature of the charges themselves, and, secondly, the position of the defendants. We say no more on that point.

What we do say, however, is that no effective step of any kind should be permitted in a criminal case except under conditions giving the accused parties every possible opportunity of establishing their innocence, and we are glad to see this view strongly taken up by the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Manchester Guardian* as will be seen from the following quotations:

This is what our Manchester contemporary says:—

> The preliminary inquiry has extended over three months, one hundred witnesses have been called, and the Public Prosecutor and the defendants have been put to very heavy expense. Many instances almost equally burdensome to all concerned could be quoted. Are such prolonged and costly preliminary proceedings necessary? They are certainly, in their present swollen form, only a fairly modern phenomenon. All the magistrate is called upon to decide is whether there is sufficient evidence to justify a committal. The decision to commit should not mean an expression of opinion that the defendant is guilty, and should, indeed, not carry with it any stigma whatsoever. Instead, it is becoming the custom for the magistrate practically to try the case, and if he commits there follows a second trial, to say nothing of the hearing by the Grand Jury. Apart from the enormous waste of money and time involved in this multiplication of trials, two results follow not entirely favourable to the interests of justice.

And this from the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

> There seems to be no doubt that there is no appeal from the decision of the High Court refusing Mr. Bottomley's request for an order to compel the City Alderman trying him and his co-defendants to adopt a particular procedure. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that this decision cannot be reviewed, as, if the law is that which the Divisional Court has laid down, there are not wanting grounds for altering it. Shortly, the issue is—if a police magistrate discontinues the hearing of a case, ought you to begin all over again before his successor or not? In this case, it has been decided that you need not. You must, of course, give sufficient evidence to satisfy the new magistrate that there is a *prima facie* case, but to that end, it seems, you may put some of the old witnesses in the box, read over their depositions to them *en bloc*, ask them if they will again swear to the truth of them, and then leave them to the tender mercies of cross-examination. It is this procedure which is strongly objected to on the ground that the new judge cannot possibly have the unique advantage of the element of "demeanour" in a witness's testimony—an aspect of his contribution which, no doubt, is so impalpable as to baffle description.

"THE STOCKBROKER AND THE GAIETY GIRL."

With reference to the article which appeared under the above heading in our issue of last week, we have received a communication from the representatives of the gentleman concerned, who point out that our statement was merely an *ex parte* statement, and that it by no means presented the complete facts, which, taken as a whole, put a very different complexion upon the affair. We have had an opportunity of perusing documents which, whilst not touching the point to which we attached most importance, namely, the dangerous ease with which persons can be incarcerated in lunatic asylums, have satisfied us that no blame whatever attaches to the gentleman in question in connection with the incarceration to which we referred last week.

We requested the lady in question to favour us with another call—when we elicited the interesting information that her solicitors in the pending proceedings are none other than our old friends Carter and Bell! We went very fully into all the facts of the case and gave the lady the best advice in our power. Should she act upon it, we hope that matters may be cleared up without the intervention of the Courts—or the further assistance of Carter and Bell. We were not, however, concerned with the relations between the lady and the stockbroker (as to the facts of which there may well be two sides), but with the comparative ease with which a person may be spirited off to a private lunatic asylum.

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—XXXVI.

The following letter discloses a hard but, we fear, by no means uncommon case. Will any employer who reads it give our correspondent a chance? If so, we shall be happy to put the parties in communication :—

I am an ex-Army Service Corps clerk, and transferred to the Army Reserve last March, after eight years' service. My abilities as a clerk are graded by the authorities as "very good." I have a testimonial from a staff officer of high position, and have been employed on really responsible work in military offices, yet I can't induce any employer to give me a trial, and must apparently content myself with any casual labour I can pick up.

Surely this is rather hard. The country has still a claim on me, and such as me; in the event of mobilisation, we must rejoin and serve as clerks, and are expected to be efficient as such. Yet no one, public or private, thinks it worth while to assist us to suitable employment. So far is liability to serve the country from conferring any special consideration, that the ex-Army man finds himself heavily handicapped in the open market both by past and prospective military service. At least that is my experience. Should you publish my case, however, some patriotic employer among your readers may give me a chance. I badly need it, and invite every investigation. RESERVIST.

With reference to the Human Document that appeared in our issue of last week, we have had several letters from readers expressing their desire to help the writer. We have put him in communication with them, and we hope the result will be the employment he so earnestly seeks and, as we believe, deserves.

LEVER BROS., LTD.

Our readers may remember our remarks upon this company when its report and balance-sheet were issued last year. The substance of our criticism was that the position was very much less strong than would be gathered from the statements of the report. Examination of the accounts for the past year's trading satisfies us that the position is even less satisfactory than it was a year ago. How we arrive at that conclusion we propose to explain next week after the general meeting has been held. We shall then have something to say, too, about Mr. Lever's profit-sharing scheme.

Special Notice to NEWSAGENTS

The Publishers of JOHN BULL will be pleased to supply recognised newsagents with parcels of specimen copies, pictorial postcards, show cards, handbills, etc., or to co-operate with them in any other way with the object of still furthering the sale of this Journal.

THE MONICO WAITERS.

There is a good deal of dissatisfaction among London foreign waiters just now, owing to the introduction of what is known as the Tronc system. This system requires all the tips given by customers to be put into a box or "tronc," the contents being divided at the end of each week. On the face of it this would seem a reasonable arrangement, provided it was a fair distribution, but waiters complain that most of the money goes to the establishment and the head waiters. Take, for example, the Monico. The establishment takes a first charge of £6 for breakages—which do not amount to anything like that sum in the week. Then the four head waiters take between them £30. This is how it works out with the waiters, if we are to accept the figures given to us by two of them. The first put in £1 7s. 4d. and got out 12s. 11d. With the 3s. given him as wages, that made 15s. 11d. for the week. The second put in £2 2s. and took out 15s. 6d., which, with his wages of 3s., gave him 18s. 6d. for the week. In addition these men get the tips given for drinks after 9 p.m., which bring up their wages all told to something under 25s. The Tronc system does not seem to apply as to what is known as the Winter Garden. There the waiters pay 19s. a week for the right to be there. They get 3s. from Mr. Monico as wages, and all the tips that are offered them. The money collected by the "tronc" is supposed to be divided amongst the ordinary waiters according to the length of service, but if we are to accept the statements made to us, this rule is not observed. The accounts are kept secretly, and it is impossible for anyone to know how much he is likely to receive. If a man is dissatisfied he is kicked out without notice of any kind. It seems a very questionable system.

"THE GOVERNMENT DO NOT DO ANYTHING IN A HURRY—EXCEPT PROSECUTE."

Alderman Sir James T. Ritchie, at the Guildhall, on Thursday last, had before him a summons under the Sale of Food and Drugs Act, in respect of the adulteration of milk, samples of which had been taken by Inspector Hussey May. The Defendant disputed the accuracy of the analysis by the City Authorities, and desired an adjournment, in order that the sample left with him might be submitted to the Government analyst.

No objection being raised, Mr. Savill (Chief Clerk) suggested that the adjournment should be for a month.

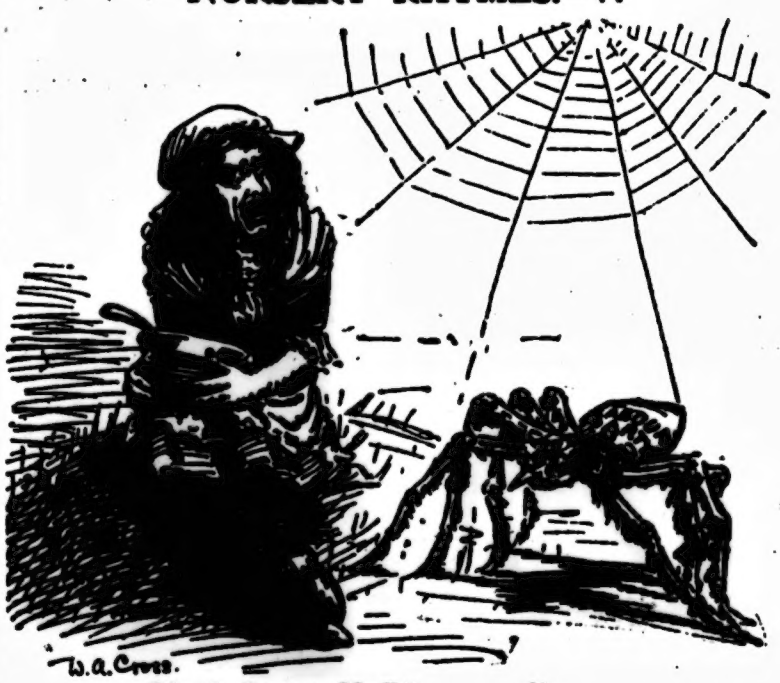
Mr. T. G. Vickery (Assistant City Solicitor) thought the analysis could be completed in much less time.

Mr. Savill: It is by the Government analyst.

Sir James Ritchie: And the Government do not do anything in a hurry—except prosecute. (Laughter.)

The summons was eventually adjourned for three weeks.

NURSERY RHYMES.—V.



Lloyd George Muffitt
Sat on a tuffit,
Eating some curds and whey.
The I. L. P. spied her,
And sat down beside her,
And wouldn't be frightened away.

REMINISCENCES OF STIRNOT HOMES.

(From the Diary of His Friend, Dr. John Whatson.)

By Walter Moore.

III.—THE LOST CANDIDATE.

Returning from hospital to our rooms in Butcher Street early one evening, after conducting a very critical operation to a successful issue, I found Stirnot Homes soothing his fervid soul with strains from his favourite musical instrument, the tin whistle. His long, cadaverous face looked more ghastly than usual as he alternately puffed out and sucked in his lank cheeks to the tune of "O where, and O where has my Heiland laddie gone?" But, noticing the look of anguish in my pleading eyes, he stopped abruptly in the middle of the fourteenth repetition of the air, and said: "Whatson, you must take a rest.'

"I wish to goodness *you* would," I returned, with feeling.

"My friend, you know I never tire," he rejoined; "I am impervious to fatigue. But you have been carving to-day. Was it a bad case?"

"How in the world do you know I have been operating?" I demanded—for I, even I, who look up to Stirnot Homes's vast intellect as a stranger gapes upward at Salisbury spire—even I, I say, sometimes feel a twinge of impatience at the thought that nothing can be hidden from his all-perceiving eye. "How do you know?" I repeated, irritated by his subtle smile.

"Whatson, why ply me with childish questions? You smell badly of iodoform, carbolic, chloroform, and other noisome drugs, and you have forgotten to turn down your shirtcuffs."

Any faint annoyance I may have felt was swept away by a wave of admiration for this marvellous embodiment of penetrative intelligence. I sank into my easy chair and filled a pipe. Homes was about to do likewise when a knock at the door arrested him while in the act of seating himself.

"Come in!" he called.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," said the domestic drudge, poking a sooty face round the door.

"Let him enter," commanded my friend.

Without further ceremony, a short, stout, pursy, middle-aged man, with a bald head, red face, a pruned moustache, and a heavy gold watchguard bustled into the room.

"Mr. 'Omes?" he said, in a thick, suburban voice, looking from Homes to me, and then from me to Homes.

"I am he," murmured my friend in his softest voice. "Pray be seated, Mr.——"

"Jones, Stonewall Jones," volunteered our visitor, briskly.

"Yes, I know," said Homes. "I said 'Jones.' I am aware that your name is Jones. You come to see me about——"

"Our candidate," interposed Mr. Jones.

"Quite so," returned my famous friend, who seemed to be in one of his most brilliantly penetrative moods. "I was about to say that you had called in reference to your candidate, who——"

"That's it," broke in our visitor; "'oo's disappeared."

"Precisely; I was on the point of saying so. Now, Mr. Stonewall Jones," proceeded my celebrated friend, "You wish me to——"

"Find 'im? Certainly. That's what I've come to see you for."

"Exactly, a very wise proceeding, Mr. Jones. But, in the present state of political affairs, the task may present some difficulty. Give me all the particulars you can;" and Stirnot Homes leaned back, wearing a look of expectant interest.

"Well, Mr. 'Omes, it's like this 'ere. W'en the bye-election was sprung on us at Watbury—w'ere I live; 49, 'Igh Street—through the death of the sittin' member, Sir Jonas Whatacur, the great teetotal advocate—'oo, you will rec'lekt, 'ad a stroke in the snug of 'is little public 'orf Shoe Lane, w'ere 'e'd called to collect the week's takin's—a party of us at Watbury decided to run a candidate of our own. Bein' in the butcherin' line, we felt we ought to 'ave somebody in the 'Ouse to prertect our hintrests. So us six leadin' butchers in Watbury agreed to vote between ourselves w'ich of us should stand, the losin' five to put up the exes. Well, it fell to 'Arry Bladebones, and, although there might 'ave been a little disappointment 'ere and there, we all agreed that 'e would do A1 for the job. 'E was a bootiful speaker—always 'ad a big crowd round 'is shop on Sat'dy nights jest to 'ear 'im shout: '*Buy! Buy! Buy!*' and '*Weigh up at six an' eight,*' or '*'Ere's a prime bit o' "salf dahn" to make fawther's mahth water on Sund'y,*' and sich like trade expressions; so we thought 'e might make a figger in the 'Ouse, and do the butcherin' trade a bit of good, specially if 'e managed to git on the Kitching Committee."

Mr. Stonewall Jones paused a moment, and passed a dry tongue over his cracked lips.

"Have a drink, Mr. Jones?" invited my renowned friend; "there is beer, and whisky, and gin. Have whichever would *suet* you best." Homes favoured me with a prolonged wink.

"Jest a drop o' Scotch, then," said Mr. Jones, briskly, brushing his stubbly moustache with the back of his hand.

The "tot" was quickly absorbed, and Mr. Jones proceeded with his account.

"Well, Mr. 'Omes, we passed the 'at round, and dropped in a pony a-piece for preliminary exes—making a 'undred and twenty-five in all. A week ago to-night we 'anded 'im over the dibs, 'cos 'e said 'ed better act as 'is own treasurer, so's no awk'ard questions could be awsked by the Official Recei—I mean the Returning Officer. We left it to 'im, becos 'e 'ad 'ad some Parliamentary experience in a way, 'avin' served Sir Jonas Whatacur with soup bones up to the time of 'is death, w'ile we knew next to nothing about it. But wot worries us is, *we 'av'nt seen 'im from that day to this.*

"Now, Mr. 'Omes, we want you to find 'im. Dead or alive; we don't mind which—but *find* 'im, and we'll come down 'ansom—the durty tyke!"

Mr. Stonewall Jones wiped his damp forehead with a blue-spotted handkerchief, and played with his empty glass with tentative fingers.

"Describe the fugitive's personal appearance as closely as possible, Mr. Jones," said my illustrious friend, pressing the tips of his fingers together.

"Oh, 'e's a likely enough lookin' chap," commenced the agitated butcher; "'e stands six foot in 'is socks, and big with it. 'E's got no 'air on 'is face, but plenty on 'is 'ead. Black, it is; and 'e parts it in the middle."

"What age would you suppose him to be?" was Homes's next question.

"Oh, about thirty 'E's a bachelor, 'e is. Lived orl alone over 'is shop—not a big shop, minger, but a nice little trade on Sat'd'y nights. No, 'e 'asn't been in Watbury long; nobody knows nothink about 'im. But 'e *seemed* all right. Always ready to stand 'is round, and a good loser at snooker."

"I think that will do, Mr. Jones," said Homes, rising. "I will do my best. I have great hopes. You shall hear from me immediately anything of importance transpires. Are you on the 'phone? Good. Then I can ring you up if necessary. Er—the preliminary fee for working expenses will be twenty guineas."

Mr. Stonewall Jones looked somewhat rueful as he drew notes and gold to that amount from his pocket. But Homes gave him no opportunity to protest, ushering him hastily, but ceremoniously, from the room.

"Whatson," he said, seated once more by the fire, "how long do you think it would take a likely young bachelor butcher with a taste for snooker to get through a hundred and twenty-five pounds?"

"I should give him a month," I hazarded.

"Too long, Whatson, too long. Three weeks, I think, would be ample. Let me see, one week already has elapsed. Well, we will exercise patience for a fortnight, and then see what we can do."

* * * * * *

One evening, about a fortnight later, I was seated alone in our little sitting-room, when the door was burst open violently and a tall figure clad in a butcher's smock and brandishing a wicked-looking butcher's knife, rushed into the room.

"W'are's 'Omes?" roared the man, glaring savagely at me. "W'are's the bloomin' nark wot want's 'Arry Bladebones? I'll give 'im 'bladebones' w'en I find 'im!"

I hastened to interpose the coal-scuttle between the ferocious intruder and myself.

"He—he's out—that is to say, he's not in," I stammered, feeling myself turn pale all over.

"I think this will do, Whatson," said the butcher—who was no other than Homes himself; "this disguise seems to be perfect. I am opening a small butcher's shop in the Mile End Road to-morrow morning, and shall be glad of your company. I expect a number of applicants for the post of assistant, in answer to an advertisement I inserted in the papers this morning, and am hopeful that Mr. Bladebones, who should have run through his election expenses by now, may be among the number."

* * * * * *

At ten o'clock the next morning Homes might have been seen standing beside a butcher's block in a small shop in the Mile End Road, trimming the fat off a mutton chop. His make up was perfect; and at judicious intervals he raised his sonorous voice in shouts of "Buy! Buy! 'Ere's quality! 'Ere's the sort! 'Ere's the meat wot melts in yer mouth! Buy! Buy!"

During the first hour only one customer accepted his invitation—a woman wrapped in a dowdy shawl, who purchased a penn'orth of pieces.

As the clock struck eleven, applicants for the post of assistant began to arrive. Homes interviewed them one by one—dismissing the short men with the statement that the post was filled; detaining the tall long enough to satisfy himself as to their identity.

There had been a pause in the stream of applicants, and Homes had joined me in the little office at the back of the shop, when a tall, strongly-built figure darkened the shop door.

"This is our man," said Homes. "Ring up Stonewall Jones." I hastened to get on to Watbury. Meanwhile Homes was interviewing the absconding Parliamentary candidate in the shop.

"I have asked him to return in an hour's time," remarked Homes, rejoining me in the office. "Stonewall Jones should be here by then."

He was—with three other butchers, in mufti. They arrived in a taxi-cab; and the four concealed themselves in the office.

Punctual to the minute, the fugitive made his reappearance. Offering some excuse, Homes sent him into the office. The scene that ensued is indescribable. In a few moments the furniture was completely wrecked; and Harry Bladebones was bound, gagged with a piece of shin of beef, carried out unceremoniously, and laid on the floor of the cab. The vengeful butchers stepped in after him, and used him as a footwarmer on the long ride back to Watbury.

* * * * * * *

"The butchering trade is more profitable than I should have imagined," murmured Stirnot Homes the next morning, fingering a cheque for twenty-five pounds, which he had just drawn from an envelope bearing the Watbury postmark.

ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS.

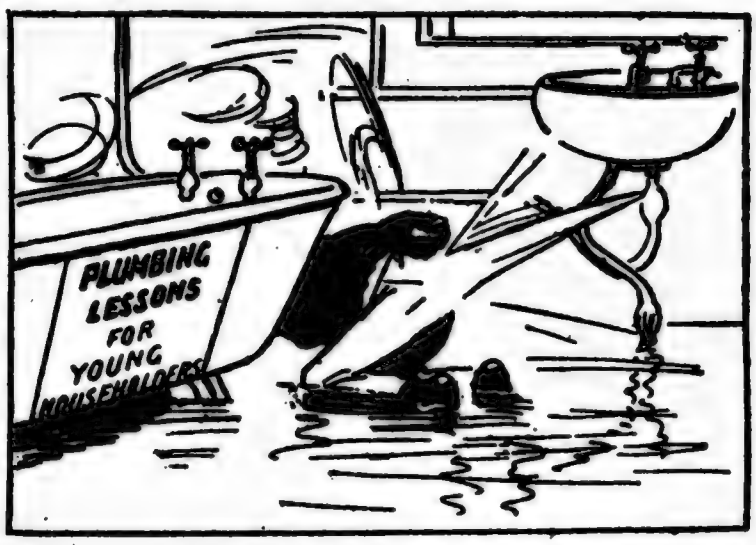
[Some of the "amateurs" who have been accepting allowances for minor expenses are likely to be barred from playing in important matches.]

Why not adopt the method
That holds in politics—
Where those who get the ha'pence
Are sure to get the kicks?

W. B.

Apropos our article last week, "MARRIAGE—BEFORE AND AFTER," our artist makes the suggestions depicted below.

(1) As the young householder is not too proficient in dealing with burst water pipes, classes should be formed to instruct him. They could deal with "How to approach and find a burst water pipe."



(2) How to apply hot water and rag.

(3) Where to get water when frozen out.

(4) And how to cure a cold.

THE LOST HALO.

By Paul Elgood.

Councillor Jesse Bliss was one of the lay divinities of Marlwash. He walked abroad with a halo around his head, invisible it might be, but felt. No Anglican bishop ever exercised half so much authority as this enthroned one of Marlwash.

Oysters had been Jesse's stepping-stones to greatness. He now owned dredgers, both sailing and steam, owned barges, trading in hay, straw and grain, owned houses, by which he scooped back twenty-five per cent. of what he paid in wages. He saw no reason why the sweets of this world should not be added to the blessing of the next.

"Joe," said he one day to the mate of his dredger, *Dormouse*, "at two-and-twanty I war no better off than yow, lad, but I knew how to bend my knee, and pray to be fended from the drink curse."

"Now, mawster, it ain't a great deal as I swallers in a day," Joe Axton protested; "just a sup at night for fellowship and talk like."

"'Tis in that way young men are lured to ruin," was Jesse's solemn warning; "if y'ar in need of fellowship, come to Zion Hall, and have a wholesomer choice. Why, lad, 'tis time ya war mating fast."

"Aw, mawster, 'tain't no use thinking that road."

"Why then, Joe?" asked Jesse, with an indulgent smile. "How do ya know I hain't a cap'n's job for you? Yow pick out a lass I can approve on, and see if I'm not yar friend. Som'un told me a saw ya arm in arm with Hannah Salter. May be yow might goo farer, and do worser. She's aboot the lass of the stamp yow wants. Good-day, Joe."

Jesse thus brought young Axton's mind on the advantages that might be gained by marrying Hannah Salter. Miss Salter made dresses for Mrs. Jesse Bliss, and as the lady could afford to be extravagant, Hannah was often up at the house altering, fitting or advising about costumes.

Hannah was fair, with roguish grey eyes and voluptuous figure. Many a yachtsman would rather miss a tide than a flirt with Hannah on Saturday night. With the fishermen she was rather distant, considering herself too superior for men of their calling. Therefore, when Joe Axton first began showing her attentions, she received his advances with crushing contempt.

"Thank you, Mr. Axton, but I never expose myself to ridicule by playing at moon-calves," was the way she refused his invitation to a walk with him one Sunday.

"Well, Joe, how now, lad? Are ya on the road to be married yet?" Jesse asked him a month later.

"No!" and Joe shook his head despondently. "I tried what Hannah thought on me, but she don't seem as she would take on with my sort."

"Don't despair, yow daft larrapur; a good-featured lass like un is worth a course of trouble, so don't strike yar colours at the first failure. If the missus speaks to Hannah I reckon she'll luff up, so keep gooing, Joe."

"I ain't easily shook off, mawster, if I'm minded to hold on. Maybe if the missus do speak to Hannah, she'll handle easier."

"She'll speak, Joe, I'll see to that."

Jesse told him this like a man sure of a line of action, leading Axton to hope that Mrs Bliss's interference would bring about favourable results.

And before many days Joe found Hannah's usual frigidity tempered with a little more condescension. Soon a pleasant smile dawned on her face at their meetings, and sometimes she lingered a minute or two to exchange pleasant remarks.

Towards the end of the summer his wooing had progressed to such an extent that Marlwash looked on them as sweethearts. They walked out together, and rumour had it that the winter would see them man and wife. Jesse was having a new barge built, which he was going to name *Hannah*; it was to carry hay and straw to London, and Axton would be the captain.

Mrs. Bliss dropped down into Cornwall for a change during the last days of August, leaving Jesse to follow when business permitted. Hannah was taking a short holiday at Fleetsea with a cousin of hers—the last which she would enjoy as a single woman, and Axton was busy in his spare time putting a secluded cottage in repair.

Jesse had one of his smacks fitted up as a yacht, and used her for cruising in the summer when friends came to visit him. He boarded his boat one morning, and put out to sea, promising to return on the next tide. But the sun went down, and though the coastguard swept the estuary with his telescope, no sign of the returning councillor could be seen.

Excitement prevailed in the town when people learned that he had gone out single-handed. It grew intenser on home-coming boats reporting that it was blowing strong outside.

Axton, along with two others, was on the oyster banks, dredging, the day of Jesse's disappearance. The men had finished work, and were waiting for the turn of the tide to commence their homeward journey. Joe and one of his mates were smoking on deck, when away in the haze of distance they made out the familiar sails of Councillor Bliss's boat. It looked as if he was making for Fleetsea.

"Just have a look there, mate, and see if you can maak oout who's that with the mawster," said Axton.

"Dang me, it's liker a woman than anything. He seems to be playing the giddy goat, and not heeding wot he's doing, for his boat's yawning aboot. If she gybes in a breeze like this, suffin's bound to goo. And dang me!" he cried with a start, "if he ain't done it, and his mains'l is halfway down. The gaff's gone, I'll warrant."

Presently, seeing that Jesse's boat was at the mercy of the tide, and driving ashore, the men called up their skipper, who immediately got the dredger under way.

But long before they could reach the spot the smack had grounded, and on arriving on the scene, her hull was well out of the water.

Councillor Bliss was apparently alone. They cast anchor, and took to their small boat then his voice rang out, telling them he required no help, and not to waste their time.

But the captain of the dredger was an old man, strong-willed and resolute, and seeing his master thus cast up on a lee shore, with a threatening sky above him, would not take the responsibility of leaving him there, so he landed Axton, bidding him remain and see the boat off.

"What did the old fool leave you behind for?" demanded Jesse, with a look of fierce annoyance.

"Seeing y'ar alone, mawster——"

"What if I am alone!" he interrupted.

"Then, ya'll want a hand at getting off if the wind keeps rising."

"I didn't want anybody," he returned, savagely.

"But, mawster, y'ar in a bad barth here, and if he'd gone and left yow ter a rough night, coroner's jury might have a word to say ter un."

Joe's eyes were on a level with the cabin light while this conversation was going on, and he caught an instant glimpse of a face that sent a thrill of surprise vibrating over his whole body. Then, suspecting treachery, he quickly swung himself aboard, and with a hard look on his face, proceeded towards the cabin hatchway.

"Where are yow going, Axton?" Bliss demanded.

"Just to see who ya've thar. Stand away."

"I won't," answered Bliss.

Without further parley, the younger man dashed him aside, and in a minute he was before his betrothed.

"Hannah, is this whar ya are?" he demanded.

"I can please myself where I am," she retorted.

"Certainly," assented Joe, bridling his anger, "and so can me, and yar road is not my road——"

"Axton," interrupted Bliss, entering the cabin, "this is going to cost you dear——"

"I fancy 'twill be cheap at any price."

"If you'd only waited," continued Bliss, "I'd have explained that I picked up Hannah at Ratesbury, and I was giving her a ride over to Fleetsea."

"I can see through all yar kindness to her and to me, and I fancy Hypocrite Bliss is the name yow should hev, and dang me if Marlwash folk don't know yow as that from this for'ard. Yow'd palm off yar second-hand goods on me yow would, eh? Now 'tis my turn!"

Joe stepped back, went up the steps, pulled over the sliding hatch, and made the pair prisoners.

It was high water next morning, when he brought the smack, with the imprisoned pair, alongside Marlwash Quay. A crowd had gathered to welcome the councillor back, and congratulate him on his escape. The Baptist minister was among the gathering, together with several of the leading tradesmen. As soon as the boat was made fast, Joe threw open the cabin, and, stepping ashore, called to his prisoners to come forth and show themselves; and, after some hesitation, Hannah stole out, followed by Bliss—minus his halo.

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THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahle.

ECCLESIASTICAL DIETETICS FOR THE LENTEN SEASON.

Will the people of these happy isles accept this (the only, as far as I am concerned) intimation that Lent is now in season? I draw attention to the matter for the reason that it appears to have escaped the general observation. People are eating and drinking as if nothing had happened. The bishops and clergy, and all congregations committed to their charge, are still doing themselves well. The rich, the middling well-off, and the not-too-poor are rolling up to their four meals a day, as usual. The only folk who are fasting are destitute men and women who do not approve of the workhouse. Even these are not fasting so much because it is Lent as because they have no money.

Time was when people who did not fast at a time like this got into serious trouble. At one period they were liable to have their teeth knocked out. When Charlemagne conquered Saxony he decreed that everybody who declined to fast should be put to death. By a statute of Queen Elizabeth, nobody could eat flesh on fish days (which were Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays) without a licence. Not that fasting was ever an obligation of Christianity as such. The world had its fasting times, off and on, thousands of years before Christianity was thought of or heard of. The Founder of Christianity did not fast. He neither encouraged fasting nor forbade it. His disciples did as they pleased. I merely mention these things to ease the minds of those who would like and can afford to partake of a rich and varied assortment of foods throughout the present season without feeling wicked.

Probably there is not a single extant article of food from which some people have not abstained at one time or another in periods of fasting. Even in the days of the early Christian Church there were persons who declined to eat eggs, and I do not attach any stigma to their memories on this account if the hens then employed by the shops had as little regard for the style, quality, and finish of their products as they have now, when eggs are vended which no curate would eat. On the whole, there are two facts in the old theological contentions in regard to fasting which stand out clear. One is that the butcher must have had a hard time of it; the other is that the fishmonger must have laid up much treasure on earth.

I think I may safely venture on the historical proposition that the distinguished ecclesiastics who imposed and organised the Lenten fasts in their various churches intended no good to the meat business, wholesale or retail, though I am authorised to say that of late years it has been looking up; trade is not nearly as slack with the butchers between Ash Wednesday and Easter Sunday as it used to be when I was a boy. And those same ecclesiastics must have been inordinately fond of fish. Perhaps even then the erroneous notion was current that "fish is good for the brain," as the landlady said to the lodger when he protested that she was giving him too much of it. "It may be good for the brain," he retorted, "but I shall certainly get another landlady if you do not provide me with something that is good for the stomach."

If the Early Fathers had not been in league with the fishmongers, I am inclined to think that Billingsgate Market would have had to put up its shutters long ago. Barring the egg preservers, the fishmonger is probably the only food provider who stands to make a seventy-five per cent. profit out of Lent. He starts praying for Lent on the first Sunday after Easter, and continues praying for Lent until Pancake Tuesday. On Ash Wednesday up goes the price of fish. When Good Friday comes round the millionaires and the Smart Set start fasting, because nobody else can afford to do it. All the rest of the population who yearn to fast on Good Friday are driven to tinned salmon.

This is one of my grudges against the ecclesiastical authorities. They had no right, human or divine, to inflate the normal price of fish. If I may so say, they acted *ultra vires*. They had as little warrant for starting this insensate boom in fish and slumping the market for prime ox as they would have had to impose on their faithful flocks the duty of consuming hay. But in other respects they badly missed their Christian obligations. What their lordships should have done was to impose rigorous Lenten fasts on all the rich, and obtain a decree of State compelling them to provide glorious Lenten feasts for all the poor. It is not, and never could have been, of much physiological consequence to Dives to reduce the courses of his *menus* during Lent. If fish was his grand passion, he could have had his fill thereof, and deleted the *hors d'œuvres*, the potage, the quails on toast, the early chicken, and all the rest of it, and royally spread the tables for Lazarus with the money he saved by the sacrifice. To see all the rich fasting and all the poor feasting during Lent would be a spectacle to gladden the eyes and rejoice the heart. One of the most poignant problems of our time and country to-day is why some of us are filled to repletion and others are hungered even unto death. Here, men feast so much; there, men fast so much; and from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof even little children are calling, in pain and tears, "Give us bread that we may eat."

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THE TREATMENT OF PIT PONIES.

The following letter comes to us from a haulier in one of the South Wales coal mines :—

"Being a regular reader of your hard-hitting little paper, I find that out of the correspondence you have had on the above matter, none of it has come from anyone actually employed as a haulier in a mine, and in my opinion those that have written know little or nothing of what they write about. Another thing, they write concerning the mines in the North of England; I am writing concerning the mines in South Wales. I have been employed as a haulier under four of the leading companies for a period of eight years, and I claim to know something about this question, and I shall only write what I have actually witnessed myself.

"In the first place, what are the working hours of the horses where I am at present employed? They are as follows :—On Monday morning I commence work with my horse at 7 o'clock, and return him at 4.30 p.m.; the night shift comes in at 7 p.m., and again turns him out. I come in again on Tuesday morning, and turn him out at 7 a.m., and return him at 4.30 p.m., and sometimes I work what we call a half a bone extra, and so does my night mate; so you see that with a very few exceptions all the horses and ponies work 28½ hours, and sometimes 30½ to 32½ hours on 5 hours' rest.

"Again I have worked in pits where I have seen the horses worked for 24 hours of a stretch, that is, in a mine where the colliers worked 8 hours and the hauliers worked 12 hours. I would go in at 6 p.m. and find my horse harnessed and in the inside workings, left there by my day mate. The horse had worked 12 hours, and he would have to work 12 hours with me again, and sometimes without so much as a drink of water; he would of course have food. I have worked in a pit where the horses have to work all through their shifts without anything whatever to eat. The horses here would be turned out without any feed bag at 7 p.m., and then when 4.30 would come, perhaps the orders were to work on till 6.30. That horse would be turned out again at 7 p.m., with the night shift for another 9½ hours without a single bite; that shows that a horse would sometimes have to work 21 hours without anything whatever to eat. So much for the hours.

"Perhaps the next question would be, are the horses sometimes worked in an unfit condition? I am confident that if an inspector of the N.S.P.C.A. was allowed to pay a surprise visit he would find plenty of cases for the courts. I myself am driving a horse at present that if an inspector came across him he would summons me and the Company, but if I refused to drive him, dozens would catch my job. Horses are worked with breasts raw as pieces of beef, big red sores on different parts of their body, and the harness rubs them, and when they sweat the pain must be intense. Sometimes there is not sufficient height for them in the stall roads, their collars and backs scrape the roof, and bits of stone get between their collars and breasts, which cut them. Some places in the works are not wide enough for the horse to turn round, with the result that when they swing round they cut their heads, and not infrequently knock an eye out. The animals are worked unfit because there are no spare horses, or not enough spare ones. I have ofttimes heard the farrier remark that a certain horse should be brought to the surface for treatment, but he could not have him up because he had no horse to replace him, so the poor animal has to keep working to keep up the output demanded from the officials.

"How do the hauliers themselves treat their horses? Well some do all they can to make things as comfortable as possible for their horses, others don't, as is sometimes shown in the police courts; but after all there is a good deal that could be said in their defence. I have seen hauliers putting pieces of coal or stone under a horse's tail and beat him on the top with a spragg; others I have seen using a piece of leather with wire for a slash, others cord with a few links of a chain on the end of the cord, and many other ways and means of ill-treating a horse.

"I am sure that this letter can be substantiated by great numbers of my fellow workmen, ostlers and farriers in this coalfield. There is plenty more that could be written on this question, and were I enough of a scholar to put it together I could find the material, but I am not. I would have written before, only I thought that someone more capable than myself would have seen fit to do so, but such not being the case, I have done my best, and only spoke the truth. Of course it is understood that you will not divulge my name, or else I should soon be out of work, and perhaps unable to find work elsewhere, otherwise I would not care. Perhaps the surveyor will reply to this?"

Our correspondent may not be much of a scholar, but we are certain of one thing, and that is, that his heart is in the right place; and we thank him sincerely for his letter. We trust, now that we have disclosed the existence of this cruel scandal, we shall not appeal in vain to the N.S.P.C.A. Immediate and stringent steps are called for. Let them be taken.

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OUR PARSON.

A PAINFUL EXPERIENCE OF A GARRULOUS CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH.

By W. F.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—Perhaps I may be permitted, as chairman of this meeting, assembled to hear our distinguished friend the lecturer give his inimitable and highly diverting account of "Travels in Search of Oblivion," which I have reason to believe has up to now eluded his search—perhaps, as I say, I may be pardoned for taking this opportunity, first, of congratulating you on the weather we have been enjoying lately. If I remember aright, when last I appeared before you, after returning from my summer vacation—which, owing to your liberality I was able to prolong much longer than usual, and many of our members would have prolonged further, as I am assured, had funds permitted—and a little bird has whispered to me a movement is on foot to achieve that end next year (hear, hear)—er—er—I was about to say, if my memory is charged correctly, we are having much better weather now than some time ago. So much depends upon the weather in this, our beloved city—the capital of the Empire on which the sun never sets—and that reminds me of a most amusing answer of a schoolboy, who said the sun never sets on the British Empire because it is situated in the north, south, and east—which meant, of course, that as the sun sets in the west—although, to be candid—it is so long since I left school, you know, you really must excuse me—I don't quite know whether we have any possessions in the west—but if not, it may be perhaps "a regrettable necessity," as someone said of something that has escaped me for the moment, but which we can all feel assured our legislators will at their earliest opportunity seek to remedy—for there is freedom wherever the British flag flies—the flag which braves the battle and the breeze, as—as—er—one of our poets has so aptly expressed it—a sentiment that appeals to the best that is in us. I am sure I carry you all with me in—in—as I said, the—er—British flag. Well, I was saying the weather had been really remarkable for this time of year, and I recall with much pleasure the highly successful efforts which were put forward by you all to render our harvest festival one of the best we have ever had. In passing, I may just add that the collection, both morning and evening, on that occasion, was what in sporting language is called a record—or perhaps I ought to say two records, but, as you know, I have very little acquaintance with sport as it is carried on to-day, for in my young days, gone, alas! beyond recall—not that I in any way wish to re-echo the wish of the gentleman—I forget his name—who said, "Give me back—to back—" er—I think it was—yes, "Give me back yesterday"—that was it, yes; for as I know to my sorrow, it rained very badly yesterday, and I was unfortunately caught out in it without my umbrella; it had a round handle, with a silver top, and by some mistake it disappeared from the vestry last Wednesday evening, after I had addressed the juniors on "The Value of Time and Taking Things as They Come."

Well, friends, of course I must not monopolise too much of your time, for, after all, I daresay some of you think you see, and perhaps hear, too much of me as it is, so I will just say a few words by way of introducing our lecturer this evening. . . . After he has delivered his lecture he will be prepared to answer any questions that may suggest themselves to you, but as he has come a long way, and is no doubt tired—("He's asleep")—why, bless me, so he is! Well, that enables me to add just a few words on—("Time")—ah, but this is really very important, my impatient young friend in the gallery! I was only going to say—dear me—I must really consult a medical man, for I regret to confess I have quite forgotten what I intended to say. Oh, yes—now I remember—it was just this, that next week, if the weather keeps fine, we hope to see a good muster of you to listen to—dear me, I had a programme when I came in—ah, here it is!—yes—our old friend Mr. Potts will lecture on "What Should We Do Without the Weather?"—a most interesting subject—and I see I am to take the chair again, so I will try and think of something to say to you on that subject. Well now, perhaps the lecturer will kindly—("He's gone home!") Why, bless me!—dear me!——

(The lecturer had found "Oblivion" at last!)

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?
See page iii of cover.

The King's Bargemaster.

Neuralgia, "Nerviness" Chill, Fatigue, Slackness—

It is not only on ordinary occasions, but when something *special* has to be done, such as a hard struggle for bodily or mental supremacy, that the brilliant champions rely so confidently upon Phosferine to give them the energy and endurance to gain new distinctions. Of that thrilling occasion when he proved himself the Champion Sculler of England, Mr. W. G. East says: "Before the start, I took Phosferine, and so got more effective leg drive and back work into my pull, without being 'wasted.'" As a result of this success, Mr. East was appointed the King's Bargemaster.

Warded off altogether.

Mr. W. G. East, the King's Bargemaster, Pigeon's Hotel, Richmond, Surrey, writes:—"As an old rowing man myself, and coach of many famous oarsmen, I have made regular use of Phosferine for years to brace myself up for a race and to prevent any chill afterwards. The tonic considerably increases one's powers of muscular endurance, for when Phosferine was taken before the start of a race I got more effective leg drive and back work into my pull, without being 'wasted,' and I finished without any feeling of the strain, physical distress, or stiffness, which usually results. When a crew gets 'nervy' their digestion goes wrong, and anything may happen, so at the first symptoms of 'slacking off' I prescribe Phosferine, and manage to turn out my men in the pink of condition. To make sure of a crew being in good rowing form, it is safer to insist upon the tonic going into their daily training programme.

"Since taking Phosferine I have been free from Neuralgia and Influenza, and have a better appetite and sleep well, and taking it all round I am sure I owe it to Phosferine that I keep so well as I do; Phosferine is the only tonic that agrees with me."—January 1, 1909.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS.

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Neuralgia	Indigestion	Maternity Weakness
Rheumatism	Premature Decay	Sleeplessness
Brain-fag	Nervous Headaches	Anæmia
Influenza	Exhaustion	Malaria

and all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.

The Remedy of Kings.

Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands

To the Royal Family

H.I.M. the Empress of Russia	H.M. the King of Greece
H.M. the Queen of Roumania	H.I.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia

The Imperial Family of China.

And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the World.

PHOSFERINE RE-CREATES THE NERVE FORCES.

Bottles, 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/6. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, &c.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

MEN WHO HAVE MADE ENGLAND WHAT IT IS!

HODGE.

They say his whistle wakes the lark,
  And shames the lazy sun,
And, echoing through the Squire's park,
  Bestirs the poultry-run:
Till evening, creeping down the hills,
  Suspends his sturdy toil;
They call him—in election bills—
  The Tiller of the Soil!

They say he lunches 'neath the hedge—
  A picnic never stale—
Pure, wheaten bread, a fragrant wedge
  Of cheese, and home-brewed ale;
With fruit from his own garden-plot—
  (Who would the picture spoil?)—
Such fare as writing-folk allot
  To tillers of the soil.

They say that, far from wicked wiles,
  By wood-path, field and lane,
The hamlets stand, like cosy isles,
  In placid seas of grain;
White walls with climbing roses hung
  In sweet, artistic foil—
The homes, exactly as they're sung,
  Of tillers of the soil!

They say that his horizon's small,
  And bounded by the Shire;
With God and Parson over all
  Ring-marshalled by the Squire.
(But Grange and Vicarage have each
  Good stores of corn and oil,
And Winter does Expedience teach
  To tillers of the soil!)

They say his course of life is tame—
  Few pleasures and few pains;
That all the days are just the same,
  Excepting when it rains;
And that his scant, imperilled wage
  Scarce keeps the pot a-boil—
For who with Nature does engage
  Like tillers of the soil?

They say that all the shops and sights,
  And lures of urban kind,
Do not obscure the humble lights
  Of his contented mind;
That whoso knows the City's strife,
  With all its murk and moil,
Yearns fondly for the manlier life
  Of tillers of the soil.

They say, beneath the thatchéd roof,
  Which knows not leak nor vent,
No troubles fall to his behoof
  But clothing, food and rent;
That when he seeks, bent, useless, old,
  To cast his earthly coil,
The workhouse beds are never cold
  To tillers of the soil.

They say our sap is running dry—
  That dawns our day of need—
That now, in truth, we must rely
  Upon our peasant breed—
Those men of stubborn, British phlegm,
  Inured to sturdy toil;
My grandad often spoke of them—
  The Tillers of the Soil!

MARK LANE.

"Bottomley's Book" will be published shortly. For some of the contents see page ii. of cover.

SELFRIDGE'S
OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W

HALF WAY BETWEEN BOND STREET AND MARBLE ARCH

SELFRIDGE'S, the newest and most interesting Shopping centre in Europe; a truly cosmopolitan institution, embodying in construction, equipment and ways of business every modern feature that adds to the comfort, pleasure and convenience of its daily visitors.

A HUNDRED DEPARTMENTS supply nearly every requirement of daily life for Men, Women, and Children (provisions, wines, etc., excepted), and our effort will be to make each Department the VERY BEST of its kind in LONDON, dealing in qualities we know to be absolutely dependable, and selling at what we are determined shall be LONDON'S LOWEST PRICES—ALWAYS

OPENS MARCH 15th
EVERYONE CORDIALLY INVITED

Lighter Suits

will soon be in use again now that the winter is nearly over. Send your heavy clothes to us, as soon as you have done with them for the Season. We will dry-clean them perfectly, press them and return them in a few days ready for next season's wear. Our charge is only 3/9, and we are sure you will be satisfied. We have Branches and Agencies all over the country, and will send price list and nearest address on application. In London ring up 1265 EAST and our van will call.

Achille Serre, Ltd.
(Nettoyage à Sec),
HACKNEY WICK, LONDON, E.

OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Poor Law Guardians, Yarmouth.

Gentlemen,—No doubt some of you, at all events, have been Guardians of the Yarmouth poor off and on, or continuously, for several years. It is, therefore, incredible to me that you should have allowed the lavatory accommodation in the women's side of the workhouse to continue in such a disgusting, insanitary state for so long. At present the condition is that some thirty of the old ladies in the house have to take their morning's wash at a sink beneath the staircase. One of your members, Mr. Waters, stated at a recent meeting of the Board that "the workhouse master would bear him out that in many instances, largely owing to the lack of proper washing accommodation, some of the old people had actually resorted to the use of certain domestic utensils which in polite society would be nameless." Though this sort of thing has probably gone on, according to the aster, for twenty years, it seems to have dawned on you as a mild surprise only the other day. It came to all of you, judging by the reports, as news from a far country. Your Rev. Father Stanley said he "considered the present place dreadful, and from what he knew of other institutions, Yarmouth workhouse was the worst equipped he had ever seen."

Now, my dear friends, all this is a little puzzling to me. Let me take it that the whole crowd of you have been in office only a few months. Even so, I shall still have to ask where you have been hiding and what you have been doing? Did not you take the trouble to look round the workhouse when you were elected? Or did you look round with one eye on the sink and the other on the ratepayers and say one to another, "Yea, verily, this is horrible, but let us wink at it, lest we should spend on washing Yarmouth old women what is so hard to make out of Yarmouth bloaters"? And what of the workhouse master? How long has he been on the premises? Am I really to believe that until the other day he never whispered a word of the disgusting spectacle presented every morning at the sink beneath the stairs? Go to, my dear friends, go to. What is imperatively wanted is a woman on your Board, and the ratepayers of Yarmouth should see that they get her. While you are asleep she might notice other things needing attention. There ought to be at least one Suffragette in Yarmouth.

Meantime, I understand that you are providing a few washing-basins under the stairs, and these should certainly be an improvement on what a Yarmouth Guardian may not mention. If I may state my personal view, it is that the President of the Local Government Board should send down an Inspector who is not blind. John Bull.

To William Smallwood, Esq., J.P., Birmingham.

My Dear Bill,—I have so much to say of the shortcomings of the Great Unpaid in the seats of justice from time to time that I am delighted to recognise in you one of the best.

You had before you the other day a type of case which, to my mind, is almost a magisterial test. If I were setting a pass examination for J.P. candidates I should work all sorts of variations upon it to prove their mental and moral judgment. The man in the dock had been arrested for that heinous offence of sleeping out. He admitted doing the ghastly deed, but said that he had applied to the relieving officer for a ticket of admission to the workhouse, and was refused, although destitute, on the ground that he had not applied before noon. Having no money, he therefore surreptitiously slept under the roof of the world, contrary to the statute. Nine magistrates out of ten would have sent the sleeper under the roof of a gaol to do ten days' hard. You didn't, Bill, and you have my regard and approbation. You sent a policeman to enquire whether the man's story was correct, and finding it so, like a humane and intelligent Briton, you discharged him. "I will never convict a man in such circumstances," you said. "I think he is the victim of a grave injustice. He had nowhere to go, and he must sleep somewhere."

That a destitute man must sleep somewhere is one of the little things so many idiotic magistrates forget. They seem to think that it is his humble Christian duty to eat the air, sleep in the middle of the deep sea, and thank God that He created the heaven and the earth and all that therein is. Go on and prosper, Bill, exercising your common sense and common humanity in justice and mercy to all who come before you. John Bull.

To the Right Rev. Dr. Turner, Roman Catholic Bishop of Galloway, N.B.

Right Reverend Brother,—Judging by the smell, I should say there is sufficient paraffin about you to restart the fires of Smithfield. I have before me the report of your Pastoral to the Roman Catholic churches in your diocese. In this you denounce the marriage of a Catholic with a Protestant as "a crime, an abomination, and an act of foul concubinage," exhort all your co-religionists "to shun all commerce and association with a person who has contracted such a marriage until he or she shall put away the evil thing," and warn them against the dangers they incur by mixing with Protestants "in Trade Unions, benefit societies, and social clubs." I have no desire to compete with you in these amenities of Christian endeavour. I shall simply point out that His Holiness the Pope, the infallible Head of your Church, grants Dispensations to Roman Catholics who wish to contract marriages with Protestants, and that, if you are right, you openly charge the Pope with sanctioning and encouraging—I will not pain my Catholic readers by repeating your words. Apart from this, your exhortation to your flock to put away their Protestant husbands and wives is an outrage on the law of the land, and merits the contempt of all decent-minded and law-abiding people. And let me tell you, Right Reverend Sir, that you are doing an ill service to your Church in this country; you are playing the part of a dangerous prelate and a bad citizen. You should know that above all things it is to the interests of Roman Catholicism in England that the embers of the old ruthless fires should be slaked out. We who are tolerant citizens would like to forget all about the Inquisition and the rack, the Star Chamber, Bloody Mary, and the flames which made a dance of death before the burning flesh of Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, and the others. But if you, Right Reverend Sir, expect tolerance and claim tolerance, you must be tolerant.

To do them justice, the British Roman Catholic hierarchy have proved themselves not the less faithful to their religion because they respect that of others. You have chosen to advertise yourself as the exception; and the exception only serves to show how much wiser they are than you, and how much more deserving of their places as honoured citizens and honoured Catholics. We have many religions, Right Reverend Sir, but we are one people. Let that knowledge suffice to guard your lips, for guard they need.

John Bull.

To Mr. Raisuli, care of Mulai Hafid, Esq., Morocco.

Sir,—I notice that your name is again in the papers. The last I heard of you was that you had settled down to a quiet life outside Tangier, repentant of your manifold sins and wickednesses, and anxious only to be left alone with the ransom paid by the British Government for puir Kaid Maclean, under the protection of the flag that has braved a thousand years the battle and the sneeze. I beg your pardon. I heard of you after that. I heard that just as you had commenced to draw some of the money assassins laid you low, and you were no more. You will perhaps recall that I didn't drop a tear when you were reported dead.

I now learn from an infallible ha'penny paper that you have determined to exchange the protection of the flag aforementioned for the Governorship of the Fas tribes, conferred upon you by the gentleman who stole the crown of Morocco from Abdul Aziz, as is recorded in the archives; also that the exchange involves the return of the £20,000 paid for the ransom. Sir, I shall be glad to hear from you whether this is so.

Of course you are well aware what I have told you in former letters that if I had been Sir Edward Grey I should not have undertaken to pay you £20,000 for the release of Mac; I would have seen you hanged first. However, as you are at present drawing on the pension money, I should not be fair if I did not point out to you that you will be an inconceivable ass if you throw over the protection of the Union Jack to start again in business as Governor of those tribes. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri*, as the lexicographer says at the back of the dictionary This, sir, is by my hand in the Long Acre, at the sign of Taurus, on a cold and snowy night. *Kismet.* John Bull.

Sir Brampton Gurdon, M.P., House of Commons, Westminster.

Notice your statement on new Daylight Bill in House that we should not begin lying. But that's what Bill's for. Will enable us to lie an extra hour. Bull.

LIGHT BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

WHAT'S YOUR DAYLIGHT SAVING BILL TO DOODLEOO WITH ME!!!
SORRY GENTS, YOU MUST A FORGOT THE BILL
HI!! STATIONMASTER !!!!
!!!!!—*** !!!!!! #@@
— — — ???? — *
"THE BITTER CRY OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES"
YOU CAN PUT IT OFF IF YOU LIKE JOHN—IT DOESN'T MATTER A D— TO ME
IT IS NOW THE FIRST OF APRIL M'LORD, SHALL I PUT THE CLOCK ON?
IT AINT THE TIME I SAVES AS WORRIES ME SO MUCH AS THE TIME I GETS
P.J. Kelly

A JUST AND EVEN MEASURE THAT AFFECTS BOTH RICH & POOR ALIKE

IN THE CITY.

KAFFIR CONSOLS.

The collapse of the London and Paris Exchange, and the failure of Mr. Mandeville, have naturally directed attention to this concern—which, for all practical purposes, was a branch of the Exchange. Considerable uneasiness prevails amongst the shareholders, many of whom have paid substantial prices for their holdings. Now the shares are almost unsaleable, and when the last issue is added to the Settlement—and the application is now before the Committee—there must inevitably be a complete break in the market, many who are now desirous of clearing out being unable to do so till their shares are "good delivery." In these circumstances, we think the directors should give specific answers to the following questions:—

1. What properties does the Company own?
2. Are they working, and, if so, with what result?
3. What assets, apart from mining rights, are there?
4. What cash does the Company possess?
5. Are the whole of the assets mortgaged?
6. When is the special Settlement in the new shares expected to take place?
7. What loss has been sustained through the failure of the London and Paris Exchange and Mr. Mandeville?

HOTEL LICENSE ANOMALIES.

Last week a deputation from the Incorporated Hotel Keepers' Association waited on the Chancellor of the Exchequer to impress upon him the anomalies of the present basis—namely, the annual value of the premises—on which licence duties are levied, and to urge the advantage of substituting for it the more equitable basis of the amount of trade done. The argument in favour of the change seems very strong. Assuming that annual value is to be continued as the basis of assessment, the limit should be abolished. At present the highest payment for licence duty is £60, and this is paid indifferently by all public-houses rated at £700 and upwards. Now, between 1883 and 1908 the number of houses rated at £700 and upwards in England and Wales increased by 6,766, or 285 per cent. There are in London at the present time 117 ordinary public-houses, the annual value of whose premises is over £700 and under £800. The amount of license duty they pay is £60, which works out at 8 per cent. of the mean annual value. There are 13 houses the annual value of whose premises is over £2,000 and under £2,500, and the amount of license duty (£60) works out at 2.7 per cent. of mean annual value, whilst in the case of the London and Brighton and Chatham and Dover Railway refreshment rooms, etc., at Victoria Station, with annual value of over £29,000 and over £30,000, the license duty only represents .2 per cent of mean annual value. It is not suggested that the very large houses should pay the same percentage of rateable value that is paid by the small houses, but, assuming a continuance of the present basis of taxation, there should be revision of the scale of duties, so as to reduce the glaring inequalities at which we have glanced.

The deputation, as we have stated above, urged the desirability of substituting for the present basis that of the amount of trade done. The Commissioners of Inland Revenue, in commenting upon the early mode of assessing the brewers' and distillers' license duties (*i.e.*, according to the amount of business done), spoke of it as "of all others the most equitable," and not only did the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Excise Establishment in 1836 advocate fixing the rate of license according to the quantities sold, but the publicans themselves were in favour of it; but the difficulty of forming any scale calculated according to the quantities sold, which did not involve heavy loss of revenue, led to the abandonment of the attempt. The real obstacle to the adoption of the principle lies in the difficulty of obtaining satisfactory evidence of sales. But perhaps this difficulty could be overcome by taking annual profits as the basis, although we fail to see that there should be any trouble in ascertaining the gross volume of trade done.

TRUSTEE SAVINGS BANKS.

The Report of the Proceedings of the Inspection Committee of Trustee Savings Banks for the past year discloses a very unsatisfactory state of affairs. "At several banks," says the report, "expenses are taken from the till, instead of being paid by separate cheques, or cheques on the treasurer after being passed by the bank's committee." Such a simple matter as initialling entries in depositors' pass-books "sometimes proceeds on a wrong principle." The hours for public business are "very brief and intermittent," and there is "great pressure at the counters and absence of supervision afterwards." Officers "absent themselves during bank hours," and "delegate their duties to juniors, mere subordinates, who are paid, and give security as such." At one bank defalcations were discovered which have been going on for a period of seven years, and at another "a cashier embezzled various sums, amounting to £1,092, the earliest of which dated from 21st November, 1904." At many banks "the systems of balancing in use are defective," and "there is room for considerable improvement in the conduct of their audits." Altogether, a disquieting Report.

A COFFIN SHIP.

We have received the following from a Tyneside correspondent, and have verified its statements of fact:—

This is no fanciful tale of the sea invented to thrill the readers of sixpenny magazines. It is a plain story of what happened to an old ship. It does not even possess the merit of dealing with a novel or uncommon circumstance, as any sailor man will tell you.

She was built in 1866—a screw steamer of about one thousand tons deadweight—just an old-fashioned, down-by-the-stern, three-masted, schooner-rigged tramp. She had knocked about here and there in the coastal and near Continental trades for thirty-three years with few pauses—loaded both ways whenever possible—her engines literally worked to death, till they rattled on their bedplates.

Apart from the miserable accommodation, and the usual serio-comic cooking which such ships' companies commonly suffer gladly, and ignoring the idiosyncracies of the asthmatic engines, there was nothing special to complain of—so long as she hung together. But she couldn't be expected to do that for ever.

A few weeks ago, as she was about to put out to sea from Sunderland, it was noticed that there was the trifling matter of one of her outer plates hanging loose and ready to detach and make for the ocean bed so soon as it could shake out the last few rusted rivets. The plate was rust-eaten beyond redemption, but orders were given to proceed to sea (it being the end of January, and half a hurricane blowing outside).

Now it so happened that the mate loved his life a little; and, though mates' berths are scarce, he "ratted" and warned the local Lloyd's surveyor.

In the story of the sea, as elsewhere, virtue itself usually constitutes the sole reward of its votaries, and—the mate was sacked.

The ship, however, must have been temporarily patched up, for she sailed next tide.

During that voyage it is worthy of note that the fishing cobbles off Flamborough were swept by a gale and several fishermen perished. Yet the S.S. ——— battled bravely through the seas, and her battered hull once more reached the Tyne, where she had so often found shelter during her prehistoric voyages. Inside the piers, however, orders were received to "'bout ship," as the surveyors were known to be on the look-out for her.

Turning seaward again, groaning and rattling throughout the length and beam of her collection of ironmongery, she plunged her nose once more into the green swells outside the bar and made for Blyth.

Here she loaded and made another trip, what time a sailing ship foundered in the boiling seas off Staithes on the Yorkshire coast.

As for our venerable vessel, she survived by the grace of God to reach the Tyne once more, some ten days later, and was boarded by the surveyor and his men. Now Lloyd's do not greatly admire ships which are run after this fashion, and the surveyor had holes bored through every rotten plate above and below the water-line. Some of these plates were no thicker than tin sheets, and absolutely eaten through with rust.

It would have cost more to put that vessel in decent repair than to build a new one half as big again.

Therefore, gentle reader, if you chance to require a heap of scrap-iron at a reasonable figure you can make a bid for the old hulk. Hulk she is now, and no more a "ship o' the trade," for never more can she sail the seas presenting a magnificent eighth of an inch of rusted metal to the fury of the gale—a pitiful bulwark between human lives and eternity.

True, the tragedy did not happen, but there is a world of cynical possibility in the reflection of the relative values of ship insurance *v.* scrap metal value.

THE MERCHANT SERVICE.

We have to acknowledge a copy of the annual report of the Imperial Merchant Service Guild—a body representing some 13,000 captains and officers of the Merchant Service. The Guild is doing an excellent work, and we are glad to note that, notwithstanding the exceptionally adverse conditions ruling throughout the past year, it continues

to make steady progress, whilst its financial position is very satisfactory. Amongst much that is of great interest in the Report we would direct special attention to the remarks (page 14) on the sinister change in the law brought about by Mr. Lloyd George, which allows the deeper immersion of British ships, and the reference on page 28 to the Return recently laid on the tables of the Houses of Parliament, which show the legal obligations in some eleven foreign countries respecting old-age pensions for mariners, pensions for their widows and orphans, accident compensation, Sunday labour, daily hours of work at sea and in port, payment for overtime, medical treatment, accommodation, repatriation, and the preservation of discipline, and knocks the bottom out of the British shipowners' contention that concessions cannot be made to the British sailor because foreign rivals have to reckon with no such requirements. The Imperial Merchant Service Guild has our best wishes for its future maintenance and growth.

LORD ARMSTRONG.

In our issue of February 27, and in reply to a correspondent, we spoke of Lord Armstrong's "bankruptcy." It has since been represented to us that Lord Armstrong is not, and never has been, a bankrupt. We greatly regret the misstatement.

NEW ISSUES.

The Law Car and General Insurance Corporation, Limited, offers 250,000 ordinary "B" shares of £1 each, on which 5s. will be paid up, at a premium of 1s. 6d. per share. The company was established in 1906 with an authorised capital of £100,000, which has been fully subscribed. It transacts all classes of insurance business except life, and its prospects are excellent. The shares now offered will rank *pari passu* with the existing shares, and will carry full dividend as from October 1st last. We are able to recommend this investment.

Lejean (Paris) Limited, invites the public to subscribe £166,667 of a registered capital of £200,000, for the purpose of acquiring "practically" the whole of the shares of the French company, "Société Anonyme des Anciens Establissements de Lejean Fils," and of supplying the business—that of supplying horses and vehicles for various trade purposes—with working capital. As a rule, companies formed in London to work French businesses are not successful, and there are features about the present promotion which do not inspire confidence. The certificate dealing with profits is not satisfactory. It covers the period from October 1st, 1903, to July 8th, 1907, but the figures relate to varying periods. But they do not conceal the fact that it is a falling business. The net profits for 1905 are stated to have been £28,837; for the latest period given—from July 8th, 1907, to June 16th, 1908—they were at the rate of £22,303 per annum. Taking these latter figures, and deducting rents payable to the Lejean estate, we have a balance of £17,336. From this has to be taken £1,800 for administrative expenses in France, and the statutory 5 per cent. which, under French law, must be set aside annually to reserve, and there remains—assuming the profits of 1907-8 to be maintained—£14,421. Of this the 7 per cent. Preference Shares take £7,000, leaving something over £7,000 for the £100,000 ordinary shares, a somewhat narrow margin. The horses, carriages, &c., to be taken over have been valued by Mr. Richard Tilling at £118,048, and the price to be paid to the vendors is £154,000, the larger portion in cash, whilst a large additional sum has to be paid representing the amount owing on the subscribed shares acquired by the company, and which brings the total purchase price up to £177,500. This seems to us a very excessive sum for what the company takes over. And why does it not take over the whole of these shares of the French company? The capital of the vendor company was divided into 9,000 shares; the new company takes over only 8,875. Why not the 9,000? We note too that leases of the various depots to which Mr. Tilling refers in his report are not in possession of the vendor company, but are "about to be granted, or transferred, to the French company." Mr. Tilling says he has formed a "very high opinion" of this business, which the future may justify, but however that may be, we can hardly agree with him in describing it as of a "non-speculative nature."

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

THE CREDIT INDEX COMPANY.—F. C. (Brighton).—The Company is well known to bankers and other business men. It has been established since 1892, and is deservedly of high repute.

LIPTON'S BANK.—PRESTICOT (London)—All right.

HOMESTEADS.—C. H. J. (West Kilburn).—They are quite safe.

BARANKA MINES.—W. R. (Winchmore Hill).—Our opinion is not favourable.

RISE IN CONSOLS.—CONSOL (Blackpool).—We see no likelihood of a rise in the price of Consols. The probability is the other way. We should not be surprised to see them under 80 before very long.

CONGO STATE BOND.—N. P. (Poplar).—You will find the drawings in the "Bondholders' Register," to be got from any newsagent. MALTA (Gloucester).—See previous answer.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE INVESTMENT CORPORATION.—F. B. (Plymouth).—Throw its circulars into the fire.

MARYWOOD, LOCK AND CO.—T. H. (South Ealing).—We note what you say about the lack of dividends and reconstruction.

THE ATLAS BANK.—F. B. (Brighton).—We can see no objection to your writing for particulars, but we view the announcement with great distrust.

GOVERNMENT AND MUNICIPAL SECURITIES CORPORATION.—D. McL. (Bedminster).—They are not.

LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN BANK.—A. E. (East Ham).—The shares are £50, £20 paid. The present price is about £72 10s.

TANNENT, WALKERS AND CO.—MORTGAGE DEBENTURES (Leeds).—It is impossible for us to give an answer to the questions you have put to us without seeing the deeds. The presumption, of course, is that the directors acted upon competent advice, and had a legal right to do what they did do.

ROYAL HUNGARIAN LOTTERY.—J. O. (Hampstead Road).—They are genuine enough in a sense, but we do not think they are "worth going in for."

UNITED KINGDOM SAVINGS INVESTMENT CORPORATION.—S. W. L. (Gillingham).—No. Have nothing to do with them.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—FERNBANK (Dudley).—It is true that this so-called bank has been doing business for many years, and it may continue to do business for many more years. But in advising our readers not to deposit with it we are moved by the Iron Duke's dictum that "High interest means bad security," an opinion fortified by abundant proof. Moreover, this concern does not publish accounts, which is another reason why we do not advise lodging moneys with them. QUIS (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—There is no Board of Trade report that would help you. The fact that the "Bank" does not issue a report or balance-sheet is one of the objections to depositing with it. J. P. Q. (Ashford).—We cannot better *Truth's* "lame" answer, as you call it, namely, that institutions offering exceptionally high rates of interest are to be looked at askance.

THE UNITED STOCK AND SHARE CORPORATION.—G. C. (Leeds).—We have no faith in the "Stock Combine System" of these people, or in the statements as to profits made and remitted spoken of in the circular you send us. It follows that we do not think you would have "a fair run for your money."

SAFE INVESTMENTS.—M. L. G. (Clapham).—Your list is a fairly good one.

VOORSPOED DIAMOND MINING COMPANY.—H. J. S. (Glasgow).—The company was registered in 1905, to acquire from the New Randfontein Reefs, Limited, and others the Voorspoed diamond mine. The authorised capital is £400,000 in £1 shares, of which £75,000 were subscribed at £2 each for working capital. No dividend has been declared.

PREMIUM BONDS.—A. W. C. (Redcar).—N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C. T. J. (Woodford Green)—Ditto.

AFRICAN AND EUROPEAN INVESTMENT COMPANY.—ANXIOUS (Hammersmith).—We are inclined to think so.

MUTUAL PROPERTY INVESTMENT AND ACCIDENT COMPANY.—REDRUTH (Redruth).—We know nothing to their prejudice.

GENUINE LOTTERY.—H. B. L. (Mincing Lane).—We not recommend lotteries.

ATLAS BANKING COMPANY.—W. H. F. (Edinburgh).—We cannot recommend it; much the contrary.

BROWNHILL'S EXTENDED.—PERFECTION (Barry Port).—No, we do not think they are worth holding.

THE CO-OPERATIVE BANKING AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY.—(J. P.).—In the circumstances we do not think so.

NEW ISSUES.—F. S. (London).—We advise you to have nothing to do with either of the concerns you name.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—DUPED (Liverpool).—You are clearly entitled to the security on the repayment of the loan, and apparently this is not contested by the Official Receiver. How does he explain not delivering the bonds as promised?

BRITISH BROKERS.—K. B. (Blackpool).—We cannot undertake to give you "a list of all the outside stockbrokers who pay up profits when made," but it would not be a very long one.

S. H. VAN DIGGELEN AND CO.—F. P. D (Crouch End).—We cannot give you the information.

STATUS OF BANK.—W. H. B. (Bognor).—Our information is that it is safe.

CHAMPION AND SLEE, LTD.—PREMATURE (Westbourne Park).—The company is not doing very well, and we should sell if you have the opportunity of doing so without great loss.

HEARTS OF OAK BUILDING SOCIETY.—WONDER (Sudbury).—It is a very sound society.

SAFETY OF DEPOSIT.—E. B. (Wood Green).—Our opinion of the concern you name is not a high one.

SUNDRY QUESTIONS.—LAPIDUS (Bootle).—The answer to all three questions is in the negative..

TWO COMPANIES—DEVON (Barnstaple).—If you can sell your holding without much loss do so.

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL BANK.—W. J. (Fartown).—Write to the manager. He will tell you the procedure.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE COMPANY.—G. F. (Handsworth).—The company is now in a stronger position than ever it was.

ALBION ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—F. R. (Greenside).—Threaten to put the matter in the hands of a solicitor. You made a bad selection.

STATUS OF INSURANCE COMPANY.—MR. H. (Brixton).—It is a third-rate concern, which we cannot recommend.

INTEREST IN POLICY.—INTERESTED (Smethwick).—It seems to us that it would be within your mother's right to do as you suggest, but it should be done through a solicitor.

NATIONAL OLD AGE PENSION TRUST.—W. R. (Berkeley Square).—We agree, and have frequently expressed a similar opinion in this column. We have told Mr. Taverner repeatedly that we cannot consider his Trust worthy of confidence until he can produce the opinion of a competent actuary that it rests upon a sound actuarial basis. We do not believe he can get such an opinion. Anyway, until he does, we shall continue to advise our readers to have nothing to do with the Trust.

ONE AND ALL SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION.—A. F. (London).—We cannot send you the rules you ask for, nor do we see any practical advantage in studying them now the association is in liquidation.

NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE SICK AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—F. N. (Liverpool).—No, we cannot advise you to join this society.

NATIONAL DEPOSIT FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—W. B. H.—Yes. Quite.

TWO INSURANCE COMPANIES.—T. J. (Birmingham).—Neither is of any standing.

THE NATIONAL "DEATH DUTIES" ASSOCIATION.—A. P. D. (Copthall Avenue).—You may rely upon its bona-fides.

INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE ASSOCIATION COMPANY.—J. S. T. J. S. (Staines).—We do not know at present of any good reason why you should not do so.

THE NATIONAL GUARANTEE AND SURETYSHIP ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.—F. C. K. (Leeds).—We have no information

THE ROYAL LONDON FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—G. W. (New Kent Road).—We think you had better write direct to the headquarters of the society, from whom you will get an authoritative opinion. Let us know what they say.

TWO COMPANIES.—EUREKA (Blaingarn).—Have nothing to do with either.

THE LONDON AND MANCHESTER INDUSTRIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—W. S. E. (Norbury).—The answer is in the negative.

THE IDEAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.—J. S. (Handsworth).—Yes.

ROYAL OAK BENEFIT SOCIETY.—W. J. G. (Sharnbrook).—Yes, it is a very good one.

PROSPECTUS.

The Subscription List is now open, and will close on or before 12th March, 1909

No part of this issue has been, or will be, underwritten.

This Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

LAW CAR

AND

General Insurance Corporation, Limited,

Registered Office: 4, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON, E.C.

(Incorporated under the Companies' Acts, 1862 to 1908.)

AUTHORISED CAPITAL, £350,000

Issue of an additional 250,000 Ordinary "B" Shares of £1 each, on which 5/- will be paid up at a premium of 1/6 per Share, payable as follows:—

2/6 per Share on application.
4/- " " " 15th April, 1909.

It is not anticipated that any further calls will be made.

DIRECTORS:
SIR HENRY COTTON, K.C.S.I., M.P., 45, St. John's Wood Park, N.W., Chairman.
H. HALLIFAX WELLS (H. H. Wells & Sons, Solicitors, 17, Paternoster Row, E.C.), Vice-Chairman.
W. MILLWOOD, Barrister-at-Law, Garden Court, Temple, Director, East London Railway Company.
H. F. GILMOUR, Merchant, 5, Fen Court, E.C.
R. W. BRIMACOMBE, M.D., Colebrook Lodge, Putney Heath.
J. W. GREIG, III, Canfield Gardens, N.W., Director London General Omnibus Co., Ltd.
CHARLES J. FOWLER, 13, Carlton Hill, St. John's Wood, N.W., Managing Director.

BANKERS:
LONDON & SOUTH WESTERN BANK Ltd., 155-156, Cheapside, London, E.C.

SOLICITORS:
NICHOLSON, GRAHAM & BEESLY, 24, Coleman Street, E.C.

BROKER:
FRANK NEWSON-SMITH, 1, Draper's Gardens, London, E.C., and The Stock Exchange.

AUDITORS:
CHARLES EVES & CO., Capel House, New Broad Street, London, E.C.

CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICERS:
R. L. CAUNTER, M.D., L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., 45, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.
ALGERNON TAYLOR, M.R.C.S., L.S.A., Walgrave, Strawberry Hill, Twickenham

FIRE MANAGER: JOHN CARSWELL.

CHIEF ACCOUNTANT: W. B. GARDINER.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY:
P. BALDWIN SMITH.

MANAGING DIRECTOR AND SECRETARY.
CHARLES J. FOWLER.

Capital.—The LAW CAR and General Insurance Corporation, Limited, was established August 4th, 1906, with an Authorised Capital of £100,000, which has been fully subscribed.

Organization.—The Corporation transacts all classes of Insurance business except Life, and possesses an exceedingly valuable organisation and extensive connections.

Progress, future Possibilities, and Special Reasons for Issue.—The remarkable progress of the Corporation, is, so far as the Directors can ascertain, unparalleled in the history of Insurance; while the highly profitable results in the past, and the possibilities of a more extended and remunerative business in the future, have satisfied the Directors that the Policy of Expansion adopted by them, and which they propose to continue, will be materially assisted by the proposed increase in the financial resources of the Corporation.

Since the last General Meeting of the Corporation the Directors have had offers of business which they anticipate will increase the Premium Income of the Corporation by nearly 100%, and they have signed a provisional contract to transact accident and general casualty business (not Fire), in the United States of America, under conditions exceedingly favourable to the Corporation, and under which large and valuable connections are secured. For this purpose a deposit of £50,000 will have to be made in approved securities with the Insurance Department of the State of New York. Casualty business in the United States is decidedly profitable, as will be gathered from the figures of the American business transacted by the four British Companies already doing this class of business there.

The following statistics have been compiled from the sworn statements made to the New York Insurance Department by each Company.

NAME OF COMPANY.	During the Ten years 1899 to 1908 both inclusive.		Premium Income for 1908.
	Premiums Received.	Losses.	
Employers' Liability Assurance Corporation Ltd.	£4,432,904	£2,105,036	£641,298
General Accident of Perth ..	1,359,332	530,702	377,321
London Guarantee and Accident Co., Ltd.	2,538,801	1,208,707	361,439
Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation Ltd.	3,032,622	1,323,692	507,582
Total	£11,363,679	£5,168,157	£1,887,639

Past Results and Dividends.—The results of the past two years' business of the Corporation are shown in the following comparison:—

	Sept. 30, 1907.	Sept. 30, 1908.		
Capital Subscribed ..	£56,430 ..	£100,000 ..	Increase	£43,570
" Paid up ..	12,909 ..	24,355 ..	Increase	11,446
Reserves and Credit Balance ..	41,833 ..	92,509 ..	Increase	50,676
Cash and Securities ..	27,870 ..	92,445 ..	Increase	64,569
Net Premium Income ..	68,100 ..	191,090 ..	Increase	122,990
Ratio of Expenses to Premiums	30.2% ..	28.3% ..	Decrease	1.9%
Dividend (Free of Income Tax)..	8% ..	10%		

Previous Profits and Reserves.—After making unusually stringent reserves the Directors were in a position to recommend, if they had thought fit, a dividend of over 20 per cent. on the paid-up capital; but they have followed the more prudent course of strengthening the Reserves, thus adding to the stability of the Corporation and augmenting future profit-earning capacity.

Current Year's Business.—The business for the first five months of the current year is over 100% in excess of that for the corresponding period of last year.

Future Dividend Prospects.—It is estimated that, on completion of this issue, the additional business to be derived would (after making ample reserves) enable the Corporation to pay considerably higher dividends in the near future.

Insurance Shares as a first-class Investment.—The value of Insurance shares as a first-class and lucrative investment is well-known, and may be seen from the following figures extracted from Maclean and Henderson's "Prices of Insurance Companies Shares."

NAME.	Paid Up per Share.	PRICE 1908 Lowest.	PRICE 1909. Week ending March 3rd, 1909		Last Annual Dividend.
	£ s. d.				%
British Law Fire	1 0 0	75/-	87/6	92/6	16 (1907)
Century	0 10 0	39/9	65/-		25
Commercial Union	1 0 0	14½	15⅜	15⅝	60
Employers' Liability ..	2 0 0	8⅝	9⅞	10⅛	20
Fine Art and General ..	1 0 0	6	7⅛	7⅜	12
Law Car A	1 0 0	27/6	33/-		10
" " B	0 5 0	5/9	7/6		10
London Guarantee and Accident	2 0 0	25	29½	29½	50
Railway Passenger	2 0 0	7⅛	8	8¼	20
Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation.. ..	1 0 0	4⅝	5⅜	5⅝	27½

Shares rank for full Dividend as from October 1st, 1908.—The shares now offered will rank pari passu with the existing shares, and will carry full Dividend as from October 1st last.

Priority of Allotment.—Existing Shareholders and Policyholders of the Corporation will receive priority of Allotment.

Interest chargeable on Arrears.—Interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum will be chargeable upon payments in arrear, but failure to pay at the due date, any instalment on shares allotted will render the previous payments liable to forfeiture.

Minimum Subscription.—The minimum subscription on which the Directors will go to allotment is 50,000 Shares.

Brokerage.—A brokerage of threepence per share will be paid on shares allotted in respect of applications bearing a Broker's Stamp.

Stock Exchange Quotation.—Application will be made in due course for quotation on the London Stock Exchange.

Commission on Shares.—The Corporation paid Commissions amounting in the aggregate to £221 9s. 6d. in respect of subscriptions for 13,938 Shares in the Corporation during a period of two years prior to March 2nd, 1909.

A Contract has been entered into dated January 14th, 1909, made between this Company of the one part, and Vincent Rowland Schenk, of Jersey City, County of Hudson, in the State of New Jersey, in the United States of America, of the other part.

Memorandum and Articles of Association.—Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association and the Contract above referred to can be inspected any day during the issue of this prospectus at the offices of the Solicitor to the Corporation between the hours of 11 and 4.

Applications for Shares.—Applications may be lodged with the Corporation's Bankers or forwarded to the Head Office, 4, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, E.C.

Return of Deposit if no Allotment.—Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full, and where the number of shares allotted is less than the number applied for, the balance of the deposit will be credited in reduction of the amount payable on allotment, and any excess returned to the applicant.

March 3rd, 1909.

APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

No.....

To the Directors of the
LAW CAR AND GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED.

Gentlemen,

Having paid to your Bankers the sum of £....., being a deposit of Two shillings and Sixpence per Share on....."B" Ordinary Shares of £1 each in the above-named Corporation, I hereby request that you will allot to me that number of Shares upon the terms of the Corporation's Prospectus, filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I agree to accept the same, or any smaller number that you may allot to me, and to pay the balance of four shillings per Share on or before April 15th, 1909, upon the terms of thesaid Prospectus, and I authorise you to place my name on the Register of Members as the holder of the Shares allotted to me.

Ordinary Signature.....

NOTE. Name (in full).....
(Mr. Mrs. or Miss)
Please write Address (in full) .....
distinctly. .....

Profession or Business.....

Dated.....1909.

Cheques should be made payable to the Corporation's Bankers—
THE LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN BANK LIMITED.

A separate remittance must accompany each application.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

PEACE IN THE HALLS.

Just as war-talk, and a general suspicion of the probability of war, may go far to bring about war, so peace-talk, and a general feeling that peace should be striven for to the uttermost by the possible combatants undoubtedly tends to preserve peace. Therefcre, it is good to hear from all sides of the variety world the most amiable sentiments expressed on the election of Mr. Fred Russell to the chairmanship of the Variety Artistes' Federation. As my readers are aware, support has been given from the first in these columns to the broad policy of the V.A.F. in its efforts to secure improved working conditions for the members of the profession, who number some eight or nine thousand in this country. But it has been difficult at times to avoid some little sympathy with that section of the members, and with the managers and agents, who thought certain of the official proposals were presented with a needless brusqueness. Whether that brusqueness was necessary in certain directions—as necessary there as it was unnecessary elsewhere—is a big question; and I shall let it rest. Undoubtedly, Mr. Russell's election is regarded all round as a guarantee for the *suaviter in modo* in the future, although the *fortiter in re* may remain in the background for dire emergencies. That view will help towards the pacific settlement of such difficulties as arise: which is a consummation most devoutly to be desired by artistes, managers, agents and the public at large. Speaking as one of these last I would prefer to see all sections of the amusement industry uniting to provide amusement instead of quarrelling to the sole profit of the evening papers. P.

MR. WALLER'S NEW PLAY.

Oh dear, oh dear, what an age since I heard the rafters on any theatre ring with such enthusiastic plaudits as those which greeted Lewis Waller and Co. in Henry Hamilton's version of "The Three Musketeers" at the Lyric last Wednesday evening!

There they are! All Dumas, well-beloved characters: the three jolly, boisterous, rollicking musketeers, the reckless, romantic, hot-headed, handsome Raoul D'Artagnan, his adored Queen, pretty Gabrielle, the should be wily Richelieu, the love-sick Buckingham, the she-devil Miladi, and the whole bunch of them, and as each familiar figure steps on to the stage the gigantic audience thunders forth its unstinted appreciation.

There is no mistake about it, "The Three Musketeers" may be "only a revival," but it is a highly popular one, and why—chiefly because it presents Lewis Waller at his very best.

Lewis Waller as a hero of all that is chivalrous, Lewis Waller as an adventurous, impetuous, hot-blooded, lion-hearted, brave young Gascon gallant, who'd dare all and anything, and stick at nothing for honour's sake and to win the hand of his sweet-faced lady love.

From the moment Waller appears in his rough jerkin, leather breeches, and mud-stained boots, to the time when risen to the ranks of an officer in his Majesty's Musketeers, he kneels at the feet of his Gabrielle—the girl simply adores him for his bull-dog courage and determination, and Waller has lost none of his old fire and go since the play was first produced at Camberwell thirteen years ago.

Again, never has the character of the ill-fated Duke of Buckingham been so effectively played as it is now by young Vincent Clive, an actor whose diction is admirable, and who possesses fervour, emotion, and distinction. His speeches ring true, and are most admirably delivered. But the surprise of the evening comes from Miss Evelyn D'Alroy, whose tenderness, sweet womanliness and grace appeal to every heart. Her beautiful performance of the unhappy Queen of Austria should earn for her a position in the foremost ranks of emotional actresses.

I regret to say Miss Auriol Lee is not so successful in her reading of the wicked but fascinating Miladi. Mrs. Brown Potter, when she played this character at His Majesty's Theatre, looked as if she had stepped straight from the celebrated picture of this Court beauty, but Miss Lee has not caught the idea at all, and her senseless prodding at the wall with her dagger has no *raison d'etre*. She should make a lunge at D'Artagnan, who avoids it by banging the door in her face and locking it, so that her dagger thrust falls on the door instead of him, and in mad rage she again plunges the weapon into the wood, but to go deliberately to the door and stab it is silly, not to say funny.

But there, Henry Hamilton's stirring drama is so good—so full of that which the plays of to-day lack—namely—"pussy's inside," that even if Richelieu is not understood by Mr. A. E. George, who insists in over robustness to such an extent that his performance becomes *vox et praeterea nihil*, one must own that Waller's D'Artagnan is as fresh and spontaneous as ever, and that Miss Madge Titheridge is quite charming in the small part of Gabrielle, in fact, the same enthusiasm prevails from start to finish, and the play is followed throughout with interest and the greatest excitement.

What more is there to be desired? M. C. S.

What is Your Number?

See page iii of cover.

Electricity Prolongs Life.

STARTLING DISCOVERY IN PARIS.

The "Daily Mail" prints an interesting despatch from Paris It states that two doctors of that city, Professor d'Arsonval and Dr. Montier, claim to have discovered a method of prolonging life. Briefly their theory is that the decay of the arteries, from which all death and disease spring, may be prevented and cured by an electric current.

Professor d'Arsonval has invented a machine of extremely high power, with which he has already experimented on patients—among others, M. Jean d'Orsay, who wrote in enthusiastic terms about it in the "Matin."

M. d'Orsay describes the treatment as cleansing all the arteries and other organs, and restoring them to their original elasticity and health. "There is no longer," he states, "any essential reason why we should grow old, or even die."

This is a discovery of the utmost importance. It proves the value of electricity to the human body. It proves to every thinking and intelligent man that the day of dosing with stimulants and medicines is over. If electricity is so effective in prolonging life, why not use it as a preventive and cure for the many ills to which we are subject?

Ask yourself why you do not use electricity, and the question will be hard to answer. Think for yourself. Read the writings of the most enlightened medical men of the day—the men who are not afraid to recognise a new truth, and bold enough to put it into practice.

This is an appeal to all people who really want to improve their health. It is especially to those who have followed the old medicine methods, and who find themselves in a weakened state. You are offered a means of saturating every weakened nerve and muscle with a wonderful force of electric energy. That will cure many who have been pronounced incurable—it will cure cases of the most obstinate character—and, better than all else, the cures are permanent.

Now, if you suffer from Nervousness, Insomnia, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Locomotor Ataxy, Epilepsy, Chorea (St. Vitus' Dance), the "Ajax" Battery is an ideal remedy. It will cure you of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, or Backache. All Stomach, Kidney, Liver, or Bladder Troubles yield to the invigorating influence of this wonderful battery as if by magic. It cures all weakness in men or women, and makes big, robust, muscular men out of pigmies. The "Ajax" Battery is a dry-cell electric generator, always charged and ready for use. It is guaranteed in every case, and cures wherever recommended.

The "Ajax" Battery is the only electric body appliance that will stand a rigid, scientific test. "Science Siftings" has bestowed upon it its certificate of merit. W. Lascelles-Scott, Esq., the well-known electrical expert, has made an exhaustive test. He says that the results have even surpassed his initial expectations.

The strongest support for the "Ajax" Battery comes from those who have used it. Mr. Lawrence Inglis, Rosebank, Westrow, Biggar, writes:—"I have had none of my distressing symptoms since wearing the battery. There is an elasticity about my back which I have not felt for many a day. My spirits are higher, and this gives me a much brighter outlook." Another such report is from Mr. Andrew Miller, Ruthren Park, Auchterarder, Perthshire,—"I feel much better since wearing the battery, and am getting stronger every day. It has made a new man of me." Hundreds of such letters can be shown.

At the recent International Exhibition held in London, the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery was given the Diploma with Grand Prix and Gold Medal by the special medical section of the exhibition. The award gives special praise to the system of applying the current, as well as to the battery. This is the highest honour ever won by any electric treatment.

"Electricity—the Road to Health" is an interesting book describing the most successful treatment known to the medical world. Everyone interested in the health problem should read it. It does not cost you a penny, as anyone writing to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will receive it at once in a plain, sealed envelope, free. Get it at once if you cannot call for a free test.—[ADVT.]

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

BRISTOL TRAMWAYS AND THEIR PASSENGERS.

The Bristol magistrates seem to take a peculiar view of the rights and duties of passengers by the city tramways. We have before us the report of a case in which a passenger was charged with "avoiding payment of his fare on a tramcar." It appeared from the evidence that the defendant boarded a car at Temple Meads and paid a penny, which entitled him to travel to Arno's Vale, but he went on to Brislington, which meant another penny. He was not asked for it in the usual way, but at the terminus the inspector demanded his ticket, and he tendered a penny. Upon this he was summoned for trying to evade payment, and counsel for the company laid it down that "it was not the duty of the conductor to ask each individual passenger for his fare, but the duty of a person travelling on a tramcar to offer to pay that which he knew he ought to pay." This remarkable contention commended itself to the magistrates, who came to the following not less remarkable decision:—"Considering his (the defendant's) excellent character for many years, they did not intend to convict him, but would order him to pay 20s. towards the costs. They hoped it would be a lesson to him." A lesson on what? The judicial capacity of the Bristol Bench of magistrates? The man does not know where he is going, but pays a penny. After the journey represented by the penny is completed, he continues in the car, for which he has to pay another penny. He is not asked for it in the ordinary way by the conductor, and he tenders it when leaving the car. The conductor and the inspector choose to assume that he would not have tendered it if he had not been asked for it. The magistrates accept that view, lecture him offensively, and fine him a sovereign, the defendant being a man who has constantly travelled in the company's tramcars, against whom nothing can be suggested prior to the day in question, and who is admitted by the magistrates to bear an "excellent character." If this is a sample of Bristolian justice, we pity the citizens who have to submit to it.

PASS BOOKS AND CUSTOMERS.

A case of considerable importance was decided by the Lord Chief Justice at the Manchester Assizes. A customer of the Manchester and Liverpool District Banking Company sued the Bank for dishonouring a cheque. The facts were not in dispute. The plaintiff was led into drawing a cheque for £67 11s. by entries in his pass book which showed a balance to his credit of £70 17s. 9d. In fact, the balance was only £60 5s. 9d., a bank clerk having entered a credit sum of £10 12s. twice. Upon the point of law, the Lord Chief Justice held that the plaintiff was entitled to recover damages, and entered judgment for the £100, which had been awarded to him by the jury subject to the legal point. Lord Alverstone admitted that it was a "difficult point of law." The effect of a pass-book entry does not seem to have been clearly decided in the Courts, and we shall not be surprised if, upon appeal, Lord Alverstone's decision is reversed. The pass book is *primâ facie* evidence against the Bank in the absence of fraud or negligence, but it has been held that the entries in a pass book are not conclusive, and if they are not, how is the customer entitled to rely wholly upon them. Does the keeping of the pass book by the Bank absolve the customer from keeping his own banking account? The pass book is not always within reach of the customer, and if in an ordinary small business account he is to be safe from overdrawing he must know the state of his account from his own books. If he keeps no such account, and relies upon his pass book, we should have thought that he does so at his own risk. We cannot see why a customer should be more entitled to take advantage of a wrong entry in his pass book than to retain a £10 Bank note which a bank clerk has handed him over the counter believing it to be only a £5 note.

JOINT INSURANCE.

The judgment of the Court of Appeal in the case of Griffiths *v.* The Trustees of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution is of considerable importance to the public. The plaintiff sued the defendant company for £500 and costs upon a policy of assurance issued by the company on the joint lives of the plaintiff and his wife. The wife died, and payment was resisted by the company on the ground that there was no insurable interest on the part of the plaintiff. The judgment of the Court of Appeal has now definitely established the principle that a husband as such has an insurable interest in the life of his wife—in the words of Lord Justice Farwell, "the personal interest founded on affection and mutual assistance," apart from any pecuniary interest, which goes beyond Mr. Justice Pickford's ruling at the Manchester Assizes,

LAST CHANCE—SALE ENDING.

Really exceptional Bargains; 4s. in the £ discount off marked prices to clear the magnificent stocks of Jewellery, Silver Plate, and Watches at SAQUI and LAWRENCE, 28 to 31, Liverpool Street; 54, Strand; 97, Fleet Street; 276-277, Pentonville Road, and Piccadilly Circus (opposite "The Criterion"), London.

DELICIOUS in FLAVOUR
OF DELIGHTFUL AROMA
AND
HARMLESS on ACCOUNT of its ABSOLUTE PURITY

"SANDORIDES LUCANA" CIGARETTES

HIGHEST GRADE VIRGINIA CODE L.V. | SELECTED TURKISH LEAF CODE L.T

IN BOXES OF

100	50	20	10
4/9	2/6	1/-	6d

SOLD BY LEADING TOBACCONISTS EVERYWHERE OR POST FREE FROM
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DON'T PUT OFF

A well matched Set of Genuine Sheffield Table Cutlery is absolutely necessary to give your table arrangements that air of taste and distinction which every lady covets. Pray don't be alarmed by the imaginary difficulty of the price, because our plan of selling Direct from the Factory removes that objection, and our very easy subscription method does away with the effort of paying cash down.

Merely send 2/6 with your promise to pay nine monthly subscriptions of 2/6, and we deliver NOW our World-famed

"Enterprise" Parcel

51 Pieces for 25/-

WE ASK FOR ONLY 2/6 WITH ORDER

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as described below. The Knives are of Genuine Sheffield Steel, with handsome Ivorette handles, matched in perfect imitation of real African Ivory, and the Spoons & Forks are of Columbian Silver, which is as white as genuine sterling silver and of exquisite polish.

CONTENTS of the "ENTERPRISE" PARCEL:

6 Table Knives	6 Tea Spoons	1 Meat Saver Spn
6 Table Forks	6 Egg Spoons	1 pr. Sugar Tongs
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6 Dessert Forks	2 Salt Spoons	7 days approval, money back if not satisfied
6 Dessert Spoons	2 Mustard Spns	

Catalogue Free We send our Handsomely Illustrated Manufacturers' Catalogue of Genuine Sheffield Cutlery and Plate post free to your address. It shows a splendid choice of Genuine Sheffield Manufactures and Specialities for Presents at economical Prices. Ask for Catalogue H. You save enormously by Direct Factory Supply.

J. G. GRAVES, Ltd., Manufacturers, SHEFFIELD

After Shaving.

ICILMA FLUOR CREAM is the only rational cream to use after shaving, because it is so soothing and comforting that it immediately removes any soreness and irritation which shaving is apt to cause. Used overnight, it makes the morning shave surprisingly easy.

Of all Chemists, 1/-. Send 2d. for sample to (Dept. 5) 14a Rosebery Avenue, LONDON, E.C.

Icilma Fluor Cream.

EQUITABLE

ROYAL LONDON

Mutual Insurance Society, Ltd. (Founded 1861.)

FIRE, LIFE, HOUSE PURCHASE.

Claims Paid Exceed £5,000,000 Yearly Income Exceeds £1,000,000

Agents Wanted. SPECIAL TERMS.

CHIEF OFFICE:
ROYAL LONDON HOUSE, FINSBURY SQ., E.C.

JOHN PRICE, REGACH DUFFILL, *Managing Directors.*

which found the insurable interest in the value of the wife's services. It is surprising that a company of the standing of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution should issue policies on joint lives, accept premiums, and afterwards plead that such policies are void.

THE CRIMINAL APPEAL ACT.

A reply of the Attorney-General to a question put to him by Mr. F. E. Smith, M.P., gives some indication of the great addition to the work of the King's Bench judges due to the creation of the Court of Criminal Appeal. The Court has held 34 sittings during the nine months it has been in existence, on each occasion three judges being withdrawn from their ordinary duties to constitute the Court. This represents, roughly, 100 days of a single judge's time. But not alone by the sittings in Court has the creation of the new tribunal added to the duties of the King's Bench judges—no fewer than 340 applications for leave to appeal have been heard in Chambers. Thus all the benefit which Parliament intended for the King's Bench suitors when the additional judge was appointed in 1907 has been destroyed by the establishment of the Court of Criminal Appeal. "The delay of justice is almost equivalent to the denial of justice," said the Lord Chancellor, in asking the House of Lords to agree to the appointment of the new judge. The business of the King's Bench Courts is quite as much congested as it was when Lord Loreburn was induced to give expression to this elementary truth. It would seem to follow from the facts given above that unless the King's Bench Courts are to get into hopeless arrears, there must either be a readjustment of the Circuit system, which is too much to hope for, or the appointment of at least one other judge.

AN UNWISE MAGISTRATE.

We have received the following letter, which speaks for itself:—

> On Tuesday last, 2nd inst., my son, with three other lads working with him in Craven Street, East Road, City Road, answered summonses for playing football in that street during the dinner-hour. The summonses were issued without previous warning being given them that they were offending against the law, on the information of P.C. Eley, 465 G, who was in plain clothes when he arrested them, but in uniform when he gave evidence in Court. The case was tried at Old Street, before Mr. Cluer, the sitting police magistrate, who fined them 10s. each. He asked the youngest "prisoner" if he pleaded guilty to playing football in Tabernacle Street, to which the prisoner replied, "Yes, but it was in Craven Street," not the street the constable mentioned. The same question was asked of the next lad, who replied in the negative, when, without questioning my son at all, the fines were inflicted. As a matter of fact, they were playing with a ball made of rag and paper tied together outside their own business premises, which are situated in what can hardly be termed a thoroughfare, as the traffic almost entirely consists of the vans used by the two or three firms who carry on business there. My lad and the one who denied the charge paid their fines, but the youngest of the three, being unable to do so, was detained in custody until the rising of the Court, and the fine not being forthcoming, his statement is that he was taken to Pentonville in the "Black Maria," where he spent the night, after his own clothes had gone through the process of baking, whilst he was given an enforced bath, a prison suit meantime being supplied him. The next morning his friends paid the fine in full, although he had been punished as well by imprisonment. Surely a warning from the Bench, and, say, a fine of 2s. 6d., would have met the case. No wonder criminals are manufactured! I don't complain of the law on street games, but I do complain of such an interpretation of it as this and other cases seem to be.

We associate ourselves without reservation in the observations of our correspondent, the father of one of the lads concerned.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

INCREASE OF RENT.—TENANT (Birmingham).—You have no choice but to pay the increased rent or give up the tenancy.

TRUST MONIES.—SPA (Cardiff).—If your agent does not account for the money received by him, you can prosecute him under the Larceny Act, 1901. Put the matter in the hands of a solicitor.

RIGHT TO ESTATE.—IRISHMAN (Islington).—We do not see any ground on which possession of the property could be recovered, as the mortgage operated as an abandonment of rights after default.

TRUST FUND.—MOSS (Kingsland).—You can do nothing more than apply to the trustees for a grant of money if you are entitled to any arrears of income. You should go and see the trustee.

NUISANCE.—AXIS (Berks).—Unless there is a term in the conveyance as to the carrying on of business, you are entitled to allow the business to be carried on, as you are the freeholder, and the man can do nothing.

LOAN.—H. C. C. (Beckenham).—If you have any acknowledgment in writing, the period of six years will run from then, or from the date on which any instalment is paid. When you get an instalment, you should get the man to send you a letter admitting the debt and agreeing to pay by instalments.

Renewsions, Life Interests, Etc.

Obtain MORTGAGES AND LOANS from the

MIDLAND FINANCE CORPORATION,

174, Corporation Street, Birmingham.

Interest 4½ to 6 per cent. per annum.

N.B.—We are not money lenders, the money being provided by private investors. Funds now available £250,000 in sums of £100 upwards.

DEADLY CATARRH

OR

CHRONIC COLD IN THE HEAD.

THOUSANDS OF LIVES IN JEOPARDY—LIABILITY TO DEAFNESS, ASTHMA, or CONSUMPTION.

Just now there is an alarming prevalence of nasal catarrh in the British Isles. This is due largely to the dampness of the climate. Few people, comparatively, understand what this dangerous ailment really is, and yet very few are exempt from its ravages.

It begins with an ordinary cold in the head. This is neglected generally, in the expectation that it will cure itself. Often it becomes what is popularly termed a chronic cold in the head. The delicate membranes of the nasal passages, mouth, and throat become irritated and inflamed, mucus accumulates, there is the need of more or less frequent spitting, headaches are frequent, and the breath smells foully. Later, the involuntary swallowing of the poisonous mucus causes disorders in the stomach, kidneys, and other organs. Asthma, bronchitis, and even dreaded consumption follow in the train of this "chronic cold in the head," which is really nasal catarrh.

Another danger of catarrh is the extension to the organs of hearing, and consequent deafness, also ringing noises in the head.

Precious Time Being Wasted.

Misled by naively-written advertisements, people waste time and money in swallowing blood remedies, tonics, etc., which can never alone effect a cure. The true remedy, recognised by all medical authorities, is direct treatment upon the inflamed membranes. For many years our ablest physicians have worked upon this theory; but, as is conceded by themselves, they are yet far from finding just what is required. But I have found it!

My Straightforward Assertion!

I, Erasmus Colman, declare that I have a perfect and speedy cure for nasal and throat catarrh. It is a home treatment, occupying but a moment or two of one's time daily. The benefit becomes obvious from the first hour. The healing of the diseased condition is gradual, yet speedy and certain. Life again becomes worth the living!

Interrogate Yourself!

If you have any doubt about your ailment, read the following symptoms of Catarrh arranged in the form of questions:

1. Is your voice husky?
2. Is the breath offensive?
3. Is the nose stopped up?
4. Is your hearing affected?
5. Does the nose discharge?
6. Do you snore when asleep?
7. Do crusts form in the nose?
8. Do you have sneezing spells?
9. Is the sense of smell leaving?
10. Do you suffer from headache?
11. Is there fulness in the throat?
12. Do you expectorate frequently?
13. Do you have to clear the throat?
14. Is there dropping of phlegm into the throat?
15. Do you have Nausea and "gagging" with phlegm?

The foregoing and numerous other questions are those to which the sufferer can usually reply with the word "Yes." When such is the case, then let the afflicted person ascertain regarding my system just as quickly as possible.

May be a Fatal Error!

It is a fearful mistake to neglect catarrh. It is quite certain to develop into something worse. It will not cure itself.

The Veritable Cure.

I have the true cure. It is a system of vapourised medication, complemented by other highly effective therapeutic aids. There is nothing complex about it. Anybody can easily understand it. It is a pleasant form of cure. It is permanent.

Not Obtainable Elsewhere.

The Colman method has saved many lives—it may save yours!

I offer a perfectly genuine system of treatment. You cannot obtain it anywhere else, because it is the result of years of study and active experience, coupled with extraordinary ability in this particular line of ailment; therefore, my system is protected, and is obtainable only from me.

Nevertheless, I am a humanitarian, and do not make charges which are only possible for the well-to-do. Any sufferer, regardless of his or her position, can obtain my treatment upon simple and easy terms by confiding in me. I know that I have the complete cure for catarrh and its consequent ills, including asthma, deafness, etc. I want to cure every man, woman, or child that suffers. None need apply to me in vain.

Get it Free!

I invite every reader of *John Bull* to write to me, and obtain my treatise. I make no charge for the book. It explains all. It will be sent in a plain, sealed envelope. Please mention title, such as Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, etc. Address: Erasmus Colman (Room 801), 22, Grays Inn Road, London.—[ADVT.]

MRS. GAMP ON VOTES FOR WOMEN.

By F. Ward.

Which I'm not dispoged to deny, if I was led a Martha to the Stakes for it, some men can see through a mile-stone, be they Rooshans or Prooshuns, and read what's on the other side. Still, they're poor critters, as Mrs. Harris sez last night as ever was while she was a-talkin' in Trafalgar Square—sez she, "Where would they be but for the mothers wot bore 'em?" I sez, "Heer, heer." She turns round, and sees me. "Here's a lady wot knows how you look when you comes into this wale of tears. I axes her, Oughtn't we to have the vote?" So I sez, "What O! If it wasn't for a little drop o' porter drawed mild I couldn't live without it. I lives in Kingsgate Street, High Holborn, over a birdcage man; there's mutton pies next door, and him with cat's meat over the way; all on 'em got votes, and none sober. I won't deny as how I likes a bottle on the chimley-piece so I can just put my lips to it when dispoged, but why ain't I got a vote same as them? Where would you be but for me—my charges is werry moderit, and I'd do it for nothing such is the love I has for the poor dears. Ah! many's the time when the wust come to the wust she have said to me, 'I wouldn't mind the pain if I only had a vote!' Here am I, a poor widder, and them as has the management of affairs sez I ain't no right to choose 'em—I wouldn't ha' been their mothers not for fifty pounds, and me a-sittin' up all night often a-waiting for 'em with only a cowcumber to remind me of the hend of all things. I worrits myself a lot, I know, when I thinks as how things ain't altered which I would do if I had a vote. Not but what country nusses is hussies, and them as shouldn't have no vote at all. But them as knows me, and pays me regler which I mention no names, ah! it's a cryin' shame as they eats their poor 'earts out a-waitin' to go to Parlyment, which I 'opes as how they will put down them hospitals as interfere with business ladies as know their proper duties. There's my friend Betsy Prig, as understands me: she ain't no good for no vote, I suppoge? There's you, dear Mrs. Harris, a-standing there, and you ain't got one? No, course not!

"I could certify before the Lord Mayor and Uncommon Counsellers as how I've night-nussed men as didn't care whether they had a vote or not cos of the buzzin' in their heads, but they has 'em all the same. Wuss luck, there's many on 'em single, as I knows to my sorrer these hard times. Drat it! There's women wot works hard which I mention no names; there's women wot don't have to, like my dear friend Mrs. Harris here, a-givin' up her time a-standin' with her poor legs on Nelsing's lions wot ain't got no vote. It's shameful, and I knows on ladies wot had ewents brought on afore their regler times cos they'd been out haggitatin' for their rights and no nuss engaged which is a bad plan when industrious females is concerned. The vote's a invention of man to tyrinise over us poor dears, and we means to have it to do ditter. We've been like lambs led to the sacrilege long enough, I sez, and I'm a witness for the persecution. I've been knocked up at all hours of the night, warned off by landlords being mistook for fire, and that, but all the while I've consoled meself by thinking how some day I should have a vote regler like other people, and I mean to vote for Mrs. Harris if she will be so good as to remember me when the other members is suddingly took bad and no doctor in the House which can tell whether it's real or an errer o' judgment as some ladies do have till they knows better from experiencing what poor old Sairey Gamp has been a-tellin' 'em of. I'm that 'orse that if anybody in the crowd has a little bottle of anythink I could just put my lips to which it is my regler time just now, I'm dispoged to ask it as a favour. Excuse me, Mrs. Harris, for interruptin' you, but I've said all I got ter say, which I have a new case at ten-'clock this werry evenin', as they think it's twins and not unlikely, so I sez good-bye and down with the tyrant Man!"

ROOSEVELT'S RIDE.

I wonder, how could Teddy bear
So long a sitting in the saddle?
He was, the Yankee press declare,
For more than seventeen hours a-straddle!
Eight times he changed his mount, 'tis said,
And did some ninety miles full pelt:
But after, when he went to bed,
I'd like to know how Roosevelt felt!

W. M.

"The pleasure of a Price Bargain rarely lasts beyond the actual Period of Purchase, but the Joy of possessing something GOOD will often continue for a lifetime."

Such has been the experience of Cyclists during the past five years—*such* will be the experience of all Cyclists who this year fall victims to the craze for "cheapness."

"Price Bargain" Bicycles are built under "Price Bargain" conditions—with inferior materials, and inferior workmanship. The aim is to lower the Price, not raise the Quality.

The Sunbeam is built under conditions exactly the reverse. Quality, not Cost, is the first consideration. First-class materials, First-class workmanship, First-class improvements and First-class *thought* go to the making of the Sunbeam.

Those who wish to experience to the full the pleasures of cycling, should write to

J. Marston Ltd.—21, Sunbeamland—Wolverhampton—for the 1909 Sunbeam Cycle List, sent free on application.

ALEXINE.

MANY PEOPLE ARE FORCED TO EAT TOO MUCH in order to eat enough.

What you eat—how much you eat—or even how much you digest—is not the whole question.

By stimulating your appetite and aiding your digestion you may be only overloading your system with waste products.

ALEXINE will enable you to "get all the good out of your food." It is neither a food nor a medicine, but an aid to Nature.

The active principle of ALEXINE is free phosphoric acid, which acts upon the otherwise insoluble phosphates in your food and in your system, and enables your brain, your nerves and your muscle to take them up and make use of them.

Of all Chemists and Druggists.

Wholesale Only:
THOS. CHRISTY & CO.,
4, 10, 12, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.

By Appointment.

CEREBOS SALT

GUARANTEED

Pure, Wholesome and Beneficial.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

The Fascination of the Fur Rug.

Furriers say that never have fur rugs been in such high favour as this winter. Of course, they have always been considered an almost indispensable finish for my lady's boudoir or for an ancestral hall, while one or more usually find place in a well-to-do man's bachelor flat. But now it seems the average woman is beginning to covet fur rugs for her best parlour almost as ardently as she seeks fur wraps for her own person; thus it is the price of the more ordinary skins have increased of late. The very valuable hides—the trophies of big game hunters always have maintained the high value that results from comparative scarcity. As is right and proper, the skin of the King of Beasts extracts most gold from would-be possessors. A thoroughly excellent lion rug is worth from £80 to £200. Next in value comes the Polar bear. If it be of an absolute snowy whiteness it may fetch as much as £100, but almost every specimen has a faint shade of yellowy-brown soiling its purity. The Polar bear, owing to his little short legs and stumpy tail, makes a particularly compact and useful rug. Leopard skins sometimes fetch £25. Of course, these prices do not represent the value of the hides in their natural condition. To bring these sums they must be dressed and mounted and have thoroughly life-like heads; thus the services of the tanner, furrier and taxidermist all have to be paid for. And the processes are most complicated. The nasty raw hide is first pickled, then put into a vat containing chemicals for three days, when it is carefully scraped by strong men with great knives. Then it is put into a tub together with sawdust and well beaten and trodden on. Then it has to be mended—bullet-holes concealed—the wounds caused by great combats with savage foes of the wilds or jungle carefully patched—how are the mightly fallen! Then the head, made of papier-mâché, is covered with the skin, the animal's own teeth being often inserted, and the whole finished by whiskers and fiery-looking glass eyes. No wonder the prices are high, and that such a rug gives an air of luxury to any room.

Early Spring Tailor-mades.

One thing is quite certain, any coat that does not give the wearer a high-waisted effect will be hopelessly dated as a "get-up" that has been lying in moth-powder throughout the winter months. Not one of the new smart models but bears the impress of the Directoire cult. Although the actual waist of the garment may correspond with the actual waist of the wearer, the Empire effect will be attained by some sort of discreetly placed trimming; it may be only a few lines of stitching, but unless there is *something* the very hall-mark of the new fashion is wanting. As regards length, the three-quarter coat is again to have an innings, especially for the early spring days, when warmth is still a consideration. Silk braid seems a very popular trimming this year, either in black or in exactly the same colour as the material. Sleeves are going to be made without any undue fulness at the top and quite long at the wrists. All these little points gain an importance when we remember that the correct aspect of our new spring garments depends on their due observance—and who among us can be thoroughly happy unless we are braced up by the inward consciousness of looking "really nice."

The Latest in Hairdressing.

Yet year by year women become more independent about their appearance. There is always a prevailing style for figures, frocks, coiffure, but if for reasons of her own a woman sees fit to depart from the general mode, nobody is really surprised or asks the "whys" and "wherefores" of this originality. Thus the Pompadour fashion of dressing the locks is now very far from up-to-date, yet thousands of women have adopted it as their own particular mode, and will keep to it, quite independent of the vagaries of Dame Fashion. As a matter of fact, there is no one style that is so universally becoming as is the hair drawn loosely yet decidedly away from the brow—it becomes calm Minervas and saucy snub-nosed wood-nymphs alike. To be thoroughly in the swim this season the coiffure must be modified Greek style—thereby harmonising well with the prevailing style of dress, as the high waists, scantiness and clinging lines of the Directoire gown are strongly reminiscent of classical attire. To get a very good idea of what the modern woman's head should resemble, study the statue of Venus de Medici. The hair, parted generally in the centre, must lie flat on the head, but over the ears it is held out in thick masses by means of side-combs. At the back, on a level with the top of the ears, is a large cluster of small Greek curls, some of their pretty ends just escaping. It is a very gracious and artistic mode of hairdressing, but, of course, most of the little curls come from the hairdresser's shop—we cannot all persuade the ends of our tresses to go into Greek curls just because it chances to be the latest fashion.

CALL AT
THE VIENNA CAFÉ AND RESTAURANT,
24, 26, 28, New Oxford Street, W.C.
FOR
THE BEST CUP OF COFFEE IN LONDON.
Open from 8 a.m. until 11 p.m. Sundays, 9 a.m. until 11 p.m.

£174,580 PAID TO CLIENTS

WEEK FOLLOWS WEEK, Month succeeds Month, the Years pass swiftly by.—Yet, although we have advertised in every important journal and newspapers in the United Kingdom, there must still remain thousands of people who do not believe that we have paid away the amount which heads this announcement. But we offer to prove it, absolutely and conclusively prove it, to the satisfaction of the most carping and cavilling critic.

The National Share Exchange has a Reserve Fund of

£20,000,

besides a huge Current and Deposit Account.

The firm is also proud of its 74 Press notices, upwards of 7,000 perfectly unsolicited testimonials. It has never kept a client a day waiting for his money, it opens and closes transactions at a moment's notice and, acting as principals, charges neither brokerage nor commission. Clients can buy or sell Stocks or Shares, any they wish, at any moment of the day, the whole market, as represented by the London Stock Exchange, is open to them.

Clients have made over £150,000

by Signing an order form and Leaving the Rest to us. No Client need Lose more than £6 in the worst possible event.

Don't you candidly think it worth while to inquire all about this System? It won't cost you anything. It binds you to nothing. You can ask us to produce 10, 50, 100, or even 500 cheques (which we have paid to our Clients) for your inspection, and we will do so. You can see any of our Ledgers and compare payments with Cash Book entries or Bank Pass Book. Everything is Straight and Above Board.

What about Clients who have Lost Money?

If you fill up the coupon below we will send you the result for the past half year, showing when losses were made on our system and to what extent. We will also send you a large 28 pp. list of Cheques. 171 cheques to each page. The amounts vary from £20 to £500 each, yet not one single disbursement on this list has been made for postages, printing, stationery, advertising, salaries, or for management expenses. The number of each cheque is recorded as well as the amount and to whom paid.

Phone 712 London Wall. Telegrams "Natsharex, London."

SPECIAL TRIAL COUPON.

The National Share Exchange STOCK AND SHARE DEALERS.

20, Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

J.B. 924.

Please forward me full particulars of the announcement from which this coupon is taken.

NAME .....
(Rev., Mr., Mrs. or Miss.)

ADDRESS IN FULL .....

.....

BULL'S EYES.

Notes of Interrogation:—
Why is it called "The Real Woman"?
After saying that clerks must agitate, does the Premier blame the Suffragettes?
What portion of our Navy is fit for "scrapping"?
Why don't they call him the "Non-Censor"?
Do they make "soft soap" at Port Sunlight?
Is "Terror-to-all Army" the name for it in some business houses?
Was it the "game" of Bowles that made the Glass-go?
Has Sir Victor Horsley water on the brain?
Will the founders of the suggested College for Flying be able to "raise the wind"?
What is the Servian word for "cheek"?
Why call it "common-sense" when it is so uncommon?
Why don't you order Bottomley's Book *now*?

The Clerkenwell magistrate suggests that when paupers tear up clothing they should not be given any more. A nude departure.

We have received from the composer a copy of the "Dorando March." But surely a gallop would have been more appropriate. At any rate, it must be performed in quick time.

"Who is that fellow Rex, in the Bottomley case?" asked a man on the bus the other day.

The total cost of the coronation ceremony, it appears, was £359,289. But we got a sovereign back.

"What society justly dislikes are affectation, snobbishness and pomposity," says the *Spectator*. Evidently society is not in love with itself.

"Laughter will keep the doctor off the doorstep," says the Rev. A. M. Mitchell. The moral for the patient is, "Grin and bear it."

Mrs. Nation says there are no unemployed in the prohibition States of America. No fear.

At the first performance of "La Furie," in Paris, two journalists came to blows. It must be a convincing play.

"Blushing Mary is anxious to reform," reads a recent "Agony." There is hope for one who can still blush.

The serial in an evening contemporary, "The Red Star of Night," ought to have been called "The Read Night *Star*."

"Love is never given, you have to pay for it," says a contemporary And the buyer is sometimes "sold."

The Gas Light and Coke Company complains that over 13,000 of its automatic meters have been broken open and robbed during the past. The offenders wanted to "get their own back."

Mr. John Burns holds that to cook a potato well is better than to play the piano badly. Obviously; the first prevents a row, and the second makes one.

"The export of capital is a very healthy symptom," says the Premier. We would rather see our capitalists taking interest in their own country.

"The man a woman loves can't bore her," says Annie E. Holdsworth And the woman a man loves frequently can't *bear* him.

A receiver has been appointed for the Crystal Palace, but there will be no "break-up" sale. Yet this would produce the "pieces."

"Miss Maud Allan's Return," reads a headline. Rather a substantial one, we understand.

"Humor is part of life," says W. S. McKee. We confess to never having noticed hilarity on the part of the dead.

Portraits of former vicars, curates and churchwardens are to decorate the vestry of Leyton Church. Late 'uns of Leyton.

The Dam in Egypt has been the cause of such prosperity that they are founding a new bank.

Sketching on the Thames piers is not allowed without the permission of the Chief Officer of Tramways. Drawing and Traction Department, apparently.

Some Curious Advertisements:—
"Blank's shaving saloon—corns carefully cut at their own residences if required."
"Horses wanted for steering boats; state age, price, etc.; week's trial."
"R. Dove, horse slaughterer under L.C.C. regulations; consumers supplied with fresh meat daily."
"Blank Hotel—lunch a la carte, 2s.; dinner, table d'hote, 5s.; dark room for developments."
"Capable man for sale of new cough mixture, highly lucrative to the undertaker."
"Wanted—steady man to look after garden and milk cow in good voice and willing to sing in the choir."
"For sale—baker's business; good trade, large oven, present occupier been in it 17 years; satisfactory reasons for leaving."
"Wanted—young man partly outdoor and partly behind counter."
"Gentleman, who unites passionate love of solitude with earnest desire to secure heir for his estate, is anxious to meet lady with matrimonial inclinations, who would not object to live apart."
"Blank Church.—The vicar begs to inform his parishioners that during Lent he intends to lecture himself."

INFLUENZA COLDS and Nasal Catarrh.

Nurse Bradshaw.

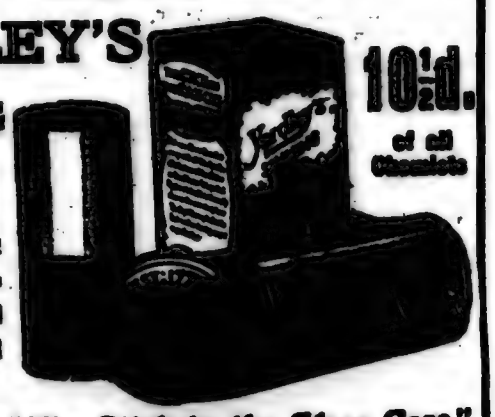
Doctors' opinions are divided as to the causes of influenza, but they are unanimous regarding the terrible danger of this scourge, and also in the efficacy of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure as a reliable preventive and cure. The use of this great remedy is a guarantee of a speedy recovery, and no evil after-effects; and during the severe epidemic of last year, no medicine was more widely used or achieved such remarkable success. Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is guaranteed free from all dangerous drugs, is safe for the youngest child, and is a perfect cure for influenza, coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma, and all chest and lung troubles.

Nurse Bradshaw, of 67, Dunard Street, Glasgow, a fully certificated professional nurse, writes:—"I advise every mother, patient, and friend to keep Veno's Lightning Cough Cure in their home. It is a marvellous cure for all kind of coughs, colds, and chronic chest troubles, and I can in every way thoroughly recommend it."

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Purest Remedy for:—
COUGHS & COLDS. BRONCHITIS. WEAK LUNGS. INFLUENZA.
9½d. a bottle.
ASTHMA. NASAL CATARRH. CHILDREN'S COUGHS OLD-AGE COUGHS.
Larger sizes 1/1½ and 2/9, of all chemists.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE.

IF your best friend tells you that YARDLEY'S SHAVING STICK is the best he ever used—don't believe him—get one and prove it yourself.



10½d. of all Chemists

YARDLEY & Co., Ltd., STRATFORD, E. "The Stick in the Glass Case."

Put Pressure on Your Husband.

Get him to write for samples and designs of Li-nola—the only perfect floor covering. If Li-nola is put on the floors, housework will be much easier, that careworn look will vanish from the over-worked housewife's face, and the rooms will look prettier and brighter. These desired results are achieved simply:—Li-nola needs no scrubbing, gathers no dust or dirt, and a damp cloth is sufficient for cleaning purposes. Room beauty comes through Li-nola having such a rich border in colour to perfectly suit your room. Book of designs and particulars post free on request. Apply:—

CATESBY and SONS
(Desk 20), 64-67, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

For Heartburn, Flatulence, Acidity, etc.

All who suffer from Heartburn, Flatulence, a feeling of fulness or oppression after meals may obtain immediate and permanent relief by means of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, which correct these disorders by *absorbing the acidity* in the stomach to which they are due.

These Lozenges are made solely by Savory and Moore, from a formula of the famous Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination. They are pleasant to take and perfectly harmless. One or two give immediate relief, even in the worst cases, and when taken before a meal prevent those distressing symptoms due to indigestion which so frequently follow. Boxes, 1/1½, 2/6, and 4/6.

A FREE TRIAL BOX will be forwarded to all who write, enclosing 1d. for postage, and mentioning "John Bull," to Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143, New Bond Street, London.

DR. JENNER'S
Absorbent Lozenges

The best and most economical INK for office and general use is AZURYTE.

All Stationers sell it. In bottles 1d. to 3/- each.

F. MORDAN and CO., 300, City Road, London.

"WINCARNIS"

The Real Invigorator.

Gold Medal awarded Franco-British Exhibition, Contractors to His Majesty's Forces, the Royal Army Medical Corps, and by Royal Appointment to their Majesties The King and Queen of Spain.

YOU NEED IT. Life to-day is such a rush, so many interests absorb our attention, that it is well, now and again, to pause and consider calmly the effect on the nerves. The moment the nerves get overstrained and worn by worry, excitement or crushing disappointments, 'tis time for you to look out and guard against a possible "nervous breakdown." You need a powerful tonic to brace up the nervous system. You need "Wincarnis" to put new life and new blood in you. You need this delicious restorative to accelerate the circulation, to strengthen the heart, and to fortify the constitution against the contraction of colds, chills, influenza, bronchitis, or pneumonia.

FREE TRIAL. Send your name and address and mention this paper "John Bull," to Coleman & Co. Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, and you'll receive a free sample bottle of "Wincarnis" providing you enclose three penny stamps to pay carriage and packing.

AFTER FREE TRIAL you can buy "Wincarnis" at any Wine Merchants or Licensed Chemists or Grocers.

COLEMAN & Co., Ltd., WINCARNIS WORKS, **NORWICH.**

INCOMES OF TO-DAY.

How they may be Increased.

Whilst the struggle to secure an adequate income from commercial and professional pursuits continues and grows more difficult each day, it naturally follows that individuals so placed must turn their attention to matters outside of the usual sphere in order to gain not only a sufficiency for their immediate needs, but also to provide for their old age and for those dependent upon them.

This ever-recurring difficulty is not so easy to overcome, because the average man does not care to embark on what is, to him, an unknown sea, and therefore he continues, though in discontented mood, to plod on, barely making ends meet and quite unable to lay by a nest-egg for the inevitable rainy day that sooner or later comes to us all. Some in sheer desperation plunge wildly into horse-racing or card-playing, only to find themselves worse off than when they began—for blind luck controls this, and the fool is ofttimes better off than the intelligent individual. It therefore may well be asked. How can one with a limited capital increase his income without interfering with his actual business? Only by a careful study of the world's money markets and the international political outlook, and with the knowledge acquired to operate in the Stock and Share Market, regulating the extent of the operation in accordance with the capital at command.

Yet it is not within the power of everyone to acquire such knowledge, even with the vast sources of information available, and therefore the Book published by the Issuing House of London, Ltd., entitled "Success," comes at an opportune moment, and offers to the individual seeking the means to increase his income an opportunity of acquiring such knowledge with the minimum expenditure of time and trouble.

In this brochure is collated information of inestimable value, set forth in the simplest language and rendering the veil of mystery formerly surrounding the Stock Exchange. The object of this book, we are told, "is to state clearly just what should be done in order that money might be made safely and expeditiously," and this it does.

Not only does this book show how money can be made by operating in stocks and shares, but it demonstrates clearly that by doing business through the Issuing House of London the operator's profits are considerably increased. No commission or brokerage is charged, and heavy contangoes are things of the past. The profits upon which the fortunes of members of the Stock Exchange have been founded are diverted into the pockets of the investing operator, thereby enabling him to close his bargain immediately the stock moves in his favour, and without having to take into consideration the charges with which his account was formerly burdened. Yet, in addition to this, the operator's liability is always limited to the amount of his deposit. This book should be in the hands of everyone who desires to increase his income, whether his available capital be £1 or £1,000.

Time was when an enormous capital was required to acquire wealth in the world's stock markets, but that day is past, for under the system inaugurated by this Corporation a deposit of £5 controls £500 stock or 25 American Railway Shares, and any increase in the value is the sole benefit of the controlling party.

The Issuing House of London, Limited, is controlled by shrewd City men, and their services are placed unreservedly at the disposal of all who care to command them. A postcard addressed to the Secretary (Stock and Share Dept.) at 9, Goring Street, Bishopsgate, London, E.C., will bring by return a copy of "Success," together with a letter of advice, and that this advice has proved more than profitable in the past to many who have seen fit to utilise it is evidenced by the numerous letters of thanks this House has received. Copies of these letters are sent out to all interested, together with a cordial invitation to prospective clients to call and inspect the originals.—[ADVT.]

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND OTHERS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

Correspondents, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to—such as whether it related to a legal, financial, insurance, publishing, or general enquiry.

Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received, consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag." The Editor will, however, in special cases, endeavour to reply by post to those correspondents who forward a stamped addressed envelope. When answers already standing in type have been published,* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will appear. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS submitting MSS. for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work.

H. E. G. (Chelsea).—We do not care to take upon ourselves the responsibility of recommending the institution in question, but believe it is one of the best of its kind.

Messrs. Turner & Co., of 32, Rathbone Place, W., write us, apropos the criticism of Barone's Agency in our recent answer to C. G. (Holloway), that that institution suddenly collapsed on January 4th, and as they are carrying on an employment agency at the same address it is, of course, only fair to give them this publicity.

"Masters" (Hastings).—The methods of the firm are notorious. Give them a wide berth in future.

"Myriad" (Bedminster).—Our Editor omits the "M.P." after his name on the cover of this journal because he does not wish to use his political position for business purposes.

"Musician" (Oxon).—We think, in the circumstances, the course you propose is best. You need not copyright the composition, but would then run the risk of piracy—though that would be a compliment and would doubtless encourage you to other efforts.

C. E. H. (Wood Green).—F. Roberts, of 16, Amersham Vale, New Cross and R. Huberei and Co., of 5, Little Goodge Street, Tottenham Court Road—who appear to be the same people, the body of their circulars being identical—cannot get you a situation on a liner in return for 5s. These situations hardly ever go to people previously unknown to the owners. Your best plan is to write to the Chief Steward at the port of embarkation.

S. A. (Chelsea).—As we have often explained, the advertisement and editorial departments are quite distinct, and although we do not approve of this kind of competition, we have no doubt that in the hands of Messrs. Pearson they are honestly conducted, and we could not properly prevent the advertisement contractors accepting such advertisements.

H. E., of 51, Ennis Lane, Victoria Park, N.E., would like a young man of about his own age (21) for companionship on walking and cycling excursions, at theatres, etc.

"Mike" (Twickenham).—Your epitaph on Jim Crow is a mutilated version of one which was devoted to a famous statesman many years ago:

If he has gone to realms of love,
I am very sorry for those above,
If he has gone to the lower level,
It's hally hard on the poor old Devil.

W. J. P. (Leyton) points out that it is unfair to blame the Peculiar People for following the injunctions of the Bible and at the same time to punish freethinkers for criticising it. Ah!

"Queen's County" sends us the following delightful extract from the *Lady*:

9072—Wanted, twin perambulator; large and roomy; send inside measurements; cheap, for missionaries on furlough.

We should like to have a look at the twin missionaries enjoying their furlough in a perambulator.

E. S. Jun. (Forest Gate), wants us to allow him to deliver an "Open Message to the Christian People of England." But this is our close time for sermons. Later on, we will forward our advertisement rates.

F. S. H. (Bedford Park).—Authors are very sensitive about their grammar, and in the present state of the law it is not always safe to interfere.

"Civil Service" can purchase the pension list at Wymans, Fetter Lane, or through a newsagent.

A. C. and W. A. (both of Stockport) wish to know our candid opinion on Tariff Reform. They must first let us know exactly what they mean by the phrase.

W. H. S. (Pont Street) wants us to tell him the quickest way to acquire a thorough knowledge of present-day politics! He should read John Bull, and attend our meetings at Hackney.

C. N. (Rotherhithe).—It is usual to look out a French word in a French dictionary, not in an English one. Do you lay golden eggs?

H. J. B. (Ampthill) says he knows a man who has a mania for obtaining useless things for nothing. This he does by writing testimonials with "painful descriptions of his sufferings and of his miraculous recovery, after taking so-and-so's pills, when he was given up by the doctors and was at death's door," whereas "the man has had no illness for years and has never even seen the remedies that saved his life." This seems to us a peculiarly senseless form of dishonesty. Our correspondent suggests that the stamp-duty on patent medicines should be increased, and that each wrapper should have an analytical report (in English) of the contents. He also sends us an amusing advertisement of "screaming postcards with two coloured actresses given with each order." We never heard a postcard scream, but we expect nigger women do act sometimes.

"BLACK & WHITE" WHISKY

BUCHANAN'S POPULAR 'SCOTCH.'

QUADRANT
We will supply direct from our Works to anyone, anywhere, a Coventry-made "QUADRANT" Cycle on credit at TRADE price. Strict privacy guaranteed.
BUY DIRECT FROM FACTORY AND SAVE SHOP PROFITS.
"QUADRANTS" have won 29 Gold Medals for excellence. Guaranteed for 25 years. Send for machine on ten days' approval—money cheerfully refunded if dissatisfied. A fully equipped 1909 model £3 : 10s cash. (Agent's shop price £5 5s.) Payments from 5s. monthly. Write for Lists to (Department No. J.B.).
QUADRANT CYCLE CO., LTD., COVENTRY.

RUBBER HEELS
Counsel: If they are the PENNA they are the BEST!
PENNA HEEL
FROM ALL SHOEMAKERS.
WRITE FOR FREE PAMPHLET TO
HOWISON & Co. Ltd., 26, CITY RD. LONDON, E.C.

THE PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION
OF LONDON LIMITED
PROVIDENT HOUSE, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHOUT, LONDON, E.C.
FOUNDED 1877.
INVESTED FUNDS £3,394,674.
A Sum Exceeding FIVE MILLIONS has been advanced for the Purchase of House Property

THE PROVIDENT FREE HOME
ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.
INCORPORATED 1838.
INVESTED FUNDS EXCEED £750,000.
W. W. BENHAM, Manager.
PROVIDENT HOUSE, BISHOPSGATE ST. WITHOUT, LONDON, E.C.

THE MAGIC OF FURNITURE

AND

THE MAGICIANS OF THE FURNISHING TRADE.

The Story of a Great Success.

[This article should be carefully read by John Bullites, young or old, male or female. It contains, in crystal form, just those ideas that have long haunted the mind of those who wish to thoroughly appreciate the good things of this world.]

We have all heard that old yet very biting phrase, "looking the part," and when investigation is made it is extraordinary to find how near it touches home.

The successful man—he looks his part—you can tell him yards away. There is no need for conversation, his very air of "nothing matters, I am success personified," gives you the clue. Talk to him and you will find him jubilant, forcible, powerful with every word.

Take again the man who has not succeeded, who believes he won't succeed. Why, see, he looks his part. He does not talk about his palatial residence, rather he prefers to ignore his house; he does not assume the jubilant air; he gives you the impression of perpetual misery.

Appearances count for everything, for surely by appearances we are judged. Our clothes, our homes, our very furniture speaks for us, and just here is the crux of the whole matter.

There is great value in those things that make home. There is veritable magic in furniture. Does not the man who leaves a comfortable, well-furnished home go to business with a soul ready to conquer mountains? Does he not return to the comfort and luxury of his cosy study or drawing-room with a feeling of well-being, knowing that he is ready to receive the most important of his friends at any moment?

But you say that is granted, but again, it is a question of financial status. Not agreed at all.

To-day, thanks to the magicians of the furnishing world, homes of luxury and ease are created without heavy outlay on the part of their possessors. Many a man of moderate means is to-day the possessor of a home well-furnished of value, say, £200 or £300, who would never dream of laying out such a sum at one time.

It is nice to think that without heavy outlay we may at a few moments' notice secure all that we desire in the way of luxurious comfort-giving furniture. It is possible, thanks to the enterprise of the Midland Furnishing Company, of Holborn, who have been rightly referred to as the magicians of the furnishing world.

This important house has adopted a special system whereby those who desire to furnish flat, house or mansion may choose the articles they require at cash prices and pay for them at leisure. They are the one house that has introduced a national system into the furnishing business, and although competitors have been many and furious, never has any house equalled the brilliancy and originality of the Midland scheme.

To what other furnishing house could you go and say, my flat or house has so many rooms and I desire to purchase so much furniture, and have immediately exhibited to your view, not only an estimate, but the very scheme of rooms furnished entirely?

They take all the trouble out of the purchaser's hands, interpreting every individual desire. Of course, those who come prepared with special furnishing schemes are permitted to indulge their fancies to the full, and as there is a splendid stock to choose from, it is certain that the most curious desires may be satisfied.

To visit the premises of the Midland Furnishing Company is a liberal education to any person who appreciates home.

One sees a thousand wondrous household articles that are desirable. The latest designs in modern furniture, Sheraton suites, Chippendale articles, exquisite Rosewood armchairs, beautiful china, floor-coverings—indeed, everything that man or woman could want for the home.

There can be no more replete stock in London, and the intending furnisher who neglects to pay a visit of inspection to the Company's premises is guilty of serious neglect of duty.

But to the question of actual cost, that, perhaps, is the important matter. It cannot be denied that the stock is most beautiful—the finest in London. Let us tell you how the terms of payment are arranged.

These are the terms upon which furniture may be bought on the Gradual Payment System. They are the same for London and for country customers:—£10 worth, per month, 6s.; £20, 11s.; £50, £1 8s.; £100 £2 5s.; £500, £11 5s.; £1,000, £22 10s.

Goods are bought on these terms without the payment of any deposit.

From this list it will be seen that no matter how modest or how sumptuous our desires may be, they can be satisfied in a very easy manner. Whether we are possessors of a modern miniature flat or a house comprising ten or twenty rooms, all that is good in furniture may be ours by payment of small sums at stated periods.

It is important to note that at the Midland Furnishing Company's show-rooms the prices of individual articles of furniture are clearly noted. If you should, after inspection, desire to pay cash, a full discount of 5 per cent. is allowed you off marked prices.

The Company's method of doing business has received the approbation of all classes. Their methods are straightforward and such as to commend them to all classes of the public.

The Directors of the Midland Furnishing Company, whose premises are situate at 17 to 23, Southampton Row, London, W.C., extend a cordial invitation to all readers of John Bull to call and inspect their magnificent stock. The Managing-Director himself will be pleased to give his personal attention to any requirements, no matter how small they may seem.

Those who are unable to call should take an opportunity of writing for the excellent literature the Midland Furnishing Company issue.

It is both interesting and instructive, and will furnish an excellent hour's reading to those who contemplate refurnishing. Certainly the Midland catalogue is the most complete furnishing catalogue that has ever been issued.

To recapitulate the Midland Furnishing Company's terms of business we give these five points:—

(1) No deposit is required.

(2) No interest is charged for credit, nor is any extra charge whatsoever incurred.

(3) All goods are marked in plain figures.

(4) All goods are packed and delivered free of charge, and country orders are carriage paid.

(5) Country customers are placed on the same footing as those residing in London, as the Midland Furnishing Company pay their fares to town on all orders of £30 worth and upwards.

A. J. (Bristol) and others.—Sorry we have misplaced Mr. Jas. Alexander's pamphlet on "Ecclesiastical Finance Reform." The price, however, is twopence, and we believe any London bookseller would be able to get it for you. Try Simpkin, Marshall and Co.

D. E. J. (Cardiff) informs us that "Harmsworth's Self Educator" states that "kidney beans are in season in February and March," and that "in the months not named the vegetable then procurable is not usually of British production." He points out that this occurs in an article "intended to teach greengrocers how to carry on their business."

Wallace (Wellington).—We see no alternative but to let matters run their natural course.

F. L. R. (Shaftesbury Avenue) is just over 40, and has noticed an advertisement of a medical book with an upward line of dots followed by a downward line terminating in the word death. At the junction of these two lines were the figures 40. He has been haunted with this ever since and protests against the "exquisite torture" of this "inhuman document." He wants to form a society for the protection of men of 40. But what about the woman of 40?

C. E. (Harlesden) thinks there are not sufficient safeguards against cruelty to lunatics.

L. F. M. (Greenock).—We daresay your statements are quite correct but it might be libellous to pillory people who order goods and are afterwards reluctant to pay for them.

"Southend Pier" grumbles about having to pay sixpence for taking his dog there. But some piers won't admit dogs at all.

A. W. L. (Eccles).—It is a very good rule to be suspicious about people who want to sell horses, but you need not be too suspicious. The advertisement of the Channel crews very nearly took a biscuit.

H. B. (Osterley Park).—The bookmakers call themselves "turf accountants," and do not accept ready-money bets. In that way they are supposed to evade the law—but we have our doubts.

C. S. (St. Albans).—We can hardly award a biscuit to one of our own advertisers in respect of such a slip. He might withdraw his advertisement.

"Bromo."—Many thanks for cutting, but we do not propose to take editorial notice of the matter.

"Yokel" (Bucks).—We agree with much that you say, but we must consider all sections of the public. As you except us from your definition of politicians as rogues, we must not be angry.

E. S. (Walsall).—Don't be angry with us. We are doing our best.

"Liner" (Stoke Newington).—We understand the Government does pay some of the owners of our principal seagoing vessels for certain rights over the ships in case of war.

J. S. B. (Woking).—The answer to your first question is "£100," and to the second "Yes."

S. T. (Finsbury Park).—Quite right.

"Tony" (Kent).—We have no information respecting the "Ernst Homœopathic and Consulting Rooms and Dispensary," of 5, Suffolk Place, Pall Mall, but, from what you tell us, it appears to be of the usual quack variety.

J. H. K. (Douglas).—What a hearty and vigorous old chap you are! Good luck and long life to you.

L. M. W. (Portsmouth).—You should place the facts before your local M.P., and ask him to call the attention of the Education Minister to your case.

C. N. (Bletchingley).—We *will*, as Happy Fanny Fields says, "Think it over."

W. G. (Liverpool) wants a biscuit for a paper which referred to the texture of oil. But Dr. Johnson gives texture as a "combination of parts," and quotes Milton:

"Spirits—nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air."

A brandy and soda is, therefore, presumably a texture.

"An Old Reader" (London, N.).—Perhaps the men who maltreated the horses were "collarless dogs," or even dirty dogs.

C. S. (Rochdale).—We hope you have recovered from your bilious attack.

H. L. B. (Reigate Hill).—Did you think a chicken was a vegetable or a mineral?

E. K. W. (Brixton).—*Life*, which you call the American *Punch*, is a poor compliment to its London namesake.

F. R. (Croydon).—We would gladly have given a biscuit to the grocer who advertised ox tongues, ox tail soup, salmon, sardines, etc., as "canned and bottled fruits"; but you ask us not to mention his name.

"Sunderland" wants to know how to get a situation as mechanical engineer on the Rand. We will look rand.

"Cissy."—Thanks for love, which we have placed on deposit. We are afraid you have been keeping bad company.

H. A. D. (Bristol).—We really cannot presume to correct such journals as *Modern Society*. We are not in society.

"Sab" (Brook Green).—Ordnance maps can be obtained at any post office.

W. C. E. (Rusholme).—You must have a lot of time on your hands to write and point out that our printer dropped an "i" in a word. We only wish his blunders were always so minute.

W. G. L. (Great Waltham).—Of course the parson was quite entitled to choose the recipients of his own wedding cake. Probably the "little pigs who got none" were all the better off in the end.

G. L. (Wednesbury).—It was quite nice to find at the end of a political report that "defendant was fined 10s. and costs." Not a bad ending either.

"Small Householder" (Stoke Newington).—We rather like some street cries. They add variety to existence.

F. W. (Deptford).—Good boy; if you laugh over John Bull in the train, no wonder your fellow-passengers rush off to buy us and see what the joke is. We hope to add to your merriment before long.

"Explorer" (Bayswater).—You would be quite within your rights in communicating with the company.

B. H. M. (Ilford).—You are quite right.

"Taffy" (Chester) asks where he can buy a bookmaker's satchel and tickets. He had better consult the advertisements in the *Sporting Chronicle*.

A. S. M. (Birkenhead).—We do not remember anything about a Judge threatening to deprive the Prince of Wales in 1869 of his garter.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

For MEN ONLY

OATINE AND SHAVING.

It has been said that a man's temperament day by day depends upon the condition of his razor. This may be, or may not be so, but the condition of his face after shaving certainly depends on the razor, and it is a fact that never mind how fine a condition the razor may be in, the after effect of shaving is a soreness and chapping of lips and face. This unfortunately cannot be avoided, but it can be minimised to such an extent that it is hardly noticeable by the use of good shaving soap such as either the Oatine Shaving Cream (in tubes) or the Oatine Shaving Stick, both of which are British made and most carefully prepared for the purpose, the cream giving a heavy and the stick a lighter, close-lying lather, but being alike in this, that both give a free, smooth, lasting and agreeable lather that will not dry on the face. If you have not tried either of the Oatine Soaps for shaving do so without delay.

To relieve the irritation caused by shaving there is nothing so effective as Oatine Cream, which possesses special healing properties; it should be applied immediately after shaving and should be gently rubbed into the skin, or better still, rubbed into the beard over night or before the morning shave, this has the effect of softening the beard in a most astonishing manner, rendering shaving far easier and simpler than it is in the ordinary way.

FREE SAMPLES

of Oatine Cream and Oatine Soap will be sent to all applicants together with a copy of our Booklet, or send 3d. for a box containing samples of eight different preparations.

The Oatine Co., 270, Deanman Street, London, S.E.

PEARKS'

THE

BUTTER PEOPLE.

Branches of Pearks' Stores in every Locality.

HEAD OFFICE: 6, BAKER STREET, E.C.

LEARN TO WALTZ.

It is as easy as walking with our LIFE-SIZE FOOT-PRINT CHART. Success assured by this entirely new system, no matter how often you have failed before. See John Bull, Feb. 20. Charts 2/6 each. Either Waltz or Reverse. All Newsagents and Music Sellers, Gamage, Holborn, or direct:—

H. P. WHITE & CO., 34G, New Bridge Street, London. Stamp for particulars.

ROMANO'S

399 STRAND.

The Paradise of all good gourmets.

LIPTONS

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENTS

TO H.M. THE KING.

TO H.M. THE KING & QUEEN OF ITALY.

TO H.M. THE KING OF SPAIN.

TO H.I.M. THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

Growers of the Finest Tea the World can Produce.

NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.

NO QUALITY EQUAL TO LIPTONS.

Direct from the Tea Gardens to the Teapot.

Sole Proprietors of many of the most famous Tea, Coffee and Cocoa Estates in Ceylon, covering thousands of acres.

LIPTONS,

CHIEF OFFICES:

CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.

BRANCHES & AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

LIPTONS TEA.

THE

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S PENS

WHY BE PESTERED

with faulty pens, or with pens which may be good, but are not exactly suited to your hand? It is quite easy to obtain one just right for you—neither too fine nor too broad, but exactly the point you need.

Joseph Gillott and Sons make that pen, and besides being just suited to your hand, it is a pen without a fault—made by the leading pen-makers in the world.

SAMPLE CARD of Highest Quality assorted Pens sent post free on receipt of 2d. stamps. Elegantly assorted Sample Box for 6d. stamps. If difficulty in obtaining, pens will be forwarded post free by

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS (Dep. 11), 37, Graecechurch St., London, E.C.

BRACKNELL'S CLUB SAUCE

A Combination of Excellences—appetising, nutritious, digestive. Made of purest Fruits and Condiments.

Per 8-oz. bottle. 6D. of all grocers.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send one penny stamp and name of your grocer, and Sample Bottle will be sent Post free by G. & S. BRACKNELL (Dept. 2), Brandon Road, King's Cross, London.

THE NEWEST IDEAS

in LIFE ASSURANCE are embodied in the plans of the

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Ltd.

6, Paul Street, Finsbury, London, E.C.

2½% Debenture. Instalment, Whole-Life and Endowment Policies issued. SPECIAL FEATURE—Guaranteed Bonus Tables. Particulars Post Free.

GOOD PROSPECTS FOR ACTIVE AGENTS.

M. GARSONY, Managing Director.

SHORTHAND

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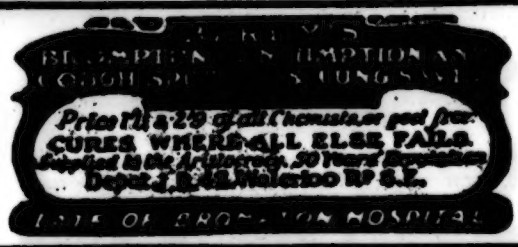

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.
("Larry Lynx" of "The People," and "Magpie" of "The Globe.")

A Reminder.

Mason's residence at Blacon, Chester, is named "Kirkland," after his Grand National winning mount.

Backers Beware!

The average price of Lincoln Handicap and Grand National winners is 14-1. Favourites invariably d. badly—especially in the steeplechase.

The Old Flat Race Style.

A great many jockeys believe if you wait with a horse that he runs a stone better—especially in jumping races.

Copenhagen's Derby.

Mr. J. M. Hartvig, who runs a few horses here, but is the main supporter of racing in Denmark, has the largest riding school in the world in Copenhagen. During the winter evenings his musical rides are patronised by all the élite. Mr. Hartvig recently received a pair of gold links from Princess Victoria, accompanied by a very nice letter of thanks for supplying the royal party with hacks and hunters last autumn. These horses were selected in England from Mr. Hartvig by Goby, the trainer, who has now in his charge Crafty Maid, a Danish-bred filly, who, it is hoped, will win the first Danish Derby.

"Old Pete."

Everybody in the racing world knows Sir Peter Walker, one of the Turf's pillars in both branches of sport. This splendid sportsman, who is affectionately given the above nickname by his many friends, is pourtrayed to the life in the appropriate coloured cartoon in this week's *Throne and Country*, which has a special National Hunt number to fit in with the annual N.H. steeplechases. In it are portraits of practically *every* leading owner, lady owner, trainer and jockey in steeplechasing, whilst it literally teems with sporting pictures, which have never previously been collected or produced. Need I say—and hope—that all sportsmen and women—particularly readers of these notes—will obtain the paper, when they will assuredly confirm the contention that the issue is now unquestionably "the" pictorial sporting paper.

Prophetic.

Warwick to-day (Thursday) provides the important sport of the week—Hooton Park at the week-end the richest programme. After saving him for so long, I should much like to see Mr. J. M. Kerne take the N.H. Steeplechase upon his own horse

Wardstown,

whilst Sir Peter Walker expects to gain the Juvenile event with Bairgen Breac. Razorbill, who is in several pending handicaps may run for, and would then about win the Prichard Handicap.

The selling clauses govern Hooton Park's £1,000 stakes, so that Rough Pup and Amersham possess practical "benefits" in the steeplechase and hurdle events respectively. W.M., too, would, if saddled, take the flat race.

Gatwick's card of waning values will give Warner reparation for being baulked of a tempting Sandown engagement, and First Champion should beat Norman the Fiddler at 10st. for the Tantivy Steeplechase; whilst Musigny will take some beating in the Optional Selling Steeplechase.

It is absurd to discuss or bet on the Lincoln and National even now, but I think

Duke of Sparta

is genuine enough as far as the weather has allowed any training, and

Wickham,

although not, apparently, the stable's first string, must have a chance in the Liverpool.

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From Sportsman, Feb. 6, 1909.

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The following claims have been received for the issues of January 2nd and 23rd:—

E. C. Hose, 41, Mozart Street, Paddington. (No. 254014—January 2nd.)

Geo. Smyth, 29, Albany Road, Gillingham, Kent. (No. 11497—January 2nd.)

Jas. W. Sharples, 13, Orrel Street, Seedley, Manchester. (No. 72405—January 23rd.)

Percy A. Dyer, Fairleigh, Westgate-on-Sea. (No. 151991—January 23rd.)

S. Curtiss 47, River Street, Hulme, Manchester. (No 274040—January 23rd.)

Sydney J. Mountford, 2, Walford Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham. (No. 81113—January 23rd.)

George Edmonds, 49, Sancroft Street, Kennington Cross, S.E. (No. 94658—January 23rd.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of February 6:—

21088; 21152; 23674; 25938; 36474; 39888; 42610; 45457; 50004; 57136; 59884; 63479; 66011; 71894; 72732; 80104; 89783; 90073; 90173; 96346; 100713; 101783; 104443; 124674; 127560; 129568; 135561; 140010; 149563; 170115; 171144; 174041; 178469; 178511; 180403; 187783; 192361; 199631; 207468; 213367; 218468; 224242; 227469; 235014; 243491; 253478; 259478; 274568; 279461; 283469.

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED APRIL 17TH (PUBLISHED APRIL 15TH).

Special Notice.

We find that the arrangements in connection with our New Ballot Scheme will take somewhat longer to complete than we anticipated, and, therefore, until further notice, the scheme will continue on the old lines, as explained above.

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For meaning of this number see page iii. of cover.